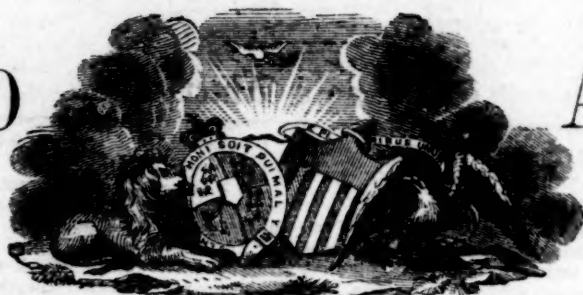


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## THE TREE OF DEATH.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Let the king of the grave be asked to tell  
The plant he loveth best,  
And it will not be the cypress tree,  
Though 'tis ever the churchyard guest;  
He will not mark the hemlock dark,  
Nor stay where the night shade spreads;  
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,  
Though it springs o'er skeleton's heads;  
He will not point to the willow branch,  
Where breaking spirits pine beneath,  
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,  
And a fairer tree is the tree of death.

But where the green, rich stalks are seen,  
Where ripe fruit gush and shine,  
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—  
The vine, the beautiful vine!  
I crouch among the emerald leaves,  
Gemm'd with the ruby grapes,  
I dip my spear in thy poison here,  
And he is strong that escapes.  
Crowds dance round, with satyr bound,  
Till my dart is hurled from its traitor sheath:  
When I shriek with glee, no friend to me  
Is so true as the vine, the tree of death."

Oh! the glossy vine has a serpent charm,  
It bears an unblest fruit;  
There's a taint about each tendrill'd arm,  
And a curse upon its root.  
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,  
And wildly lighten the eye,  
But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crew  
Will make the wise man sigh;  
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,  
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,  
The shattered mind, the blasted frame,  
Are wrought by the vine, the tree of death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass;  
But ye who quaff! oh, think  
That even the heart that loves must loathe  
The lips that deeply drink.  
The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn,  
And the scalding drops may roll;  
But 'tis better to mourn o'er a pulseless form  
Than the wreck of a living soul.  
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress and yew,  
The worm-hiding grass, and the willow wreath.  
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom  
So dark as the vine, the tree of death.

For the Anglo American.

## THE BRETONS.

"The sanguinary agents of the Revolution had tough work to do in this sturdy province. The struggle in Brittany between the guillotine and the unlettered faith of the people was long and obstinate. The Bretons clung to their religion with unexampled fidelity. The priests and the people were true to each other to the last extremity. At Crozon all the churches were demolished; the priests tracked day and night, could not find a solitary spot to offer up mass in security. In this extremity how did they contrive to perform the offices of religion, to baptize the new-born, to marry the affianced?"

"Listen! Midnight sounds; a flickering light rises at a distance on the sea: the tinkle of a bell is heard half lost in the murmur of the waves. Instantly, from every creek, rock, and sinuosity of the beach, long black shadows are seen gliding across the waters. These are boats freighted with men, women, children, and the aged of both sexes, who direct their course towards the open sea, all steering to the same point. The bell grows louder, the light becomes more distinct, at last the object that has drawn this multitude together appears in the midst of the ocean. It is a bark, on the deck of which stands a priest ready to celebrate mass. He has convoked the neighbouring parishes to this solemnity, and the faithful people have responded to his call. They are all upon their knees, between the sea rolling heavily beneath, and the heavens above darkened with clouds! Night, the billows, two thousand heads bent lowly round a man standing over this abyss, the chaunts of the holy office, and between each response, the awful menaces of the sea murmuring like the voice of God."—*Habits and Superstitions of the Bretons.* Anglo American, Aug. 19, 1843.

In the former times when madness,  
Fierce and fearful, govern'd France,  
And hell's minions, wild with gladness,  
Held on earth their horrid dance:

Those dread times, when thro' the nation,  
On the soil by Frenchmen trod,  
None dared bow in veneration  
Worshipping the christian's God:

Dark Marat, Robespierre, and Danton,  
Fell Triumvirs, ruled then,  
Dead to faith, in passion wanton,  
Foes alike of God and men.

In those times when throne and altar  
Sank beneath their dreadful sway,  
And the ready knife and halter  
Marshall'd on their bloody way:

Listen how the gallant Breton  
Summon'd up his courage high,  
How his life and all, he set on  
Hazard of the fearful die.

To the tyrants bade defiance,  
True to country, king, and faith;  
Full of hope and firm reliance,  
Daring all, despising scathe.

When the midnight deep descended,  
Shrouding rock and wave in gloom,  
And the sea and sky were blended  
In the blackness of the tomb;

Then from off the heaving water  
Came a tolling signal bell;  
Then upon a floating altar  
Gleam'd a torch o'er ocean's swell.

And from strand and bay indented  
Glided forth each arrowy bark;  
Not a doubt or fear prevented  
Seeking out their "Ocean Ark."

Vain the angry surges dashing  
Woke the storm-wind's moan afar,  
Vain the sheeted lightning flashing  
And the thunder's sullen jar.

Stern resolve and high devotion  
Bade them, dauntless, struggle on,  
Crushing ev'ry weak emotion  
Till the sacred goal was won.

Then the chant and anthem pealing,  
Hail'd the Cross uprear'd on high,  
Lightning's fitful glare revealing  
Eager gaze and streaming eye.

And from that wide waste of waters,  
Rose the deep and fervent prayer;  
Not a pulse or heart-string falters  
'Mong the thousands gather'd there.

Childhood there, to be forgiven,  
With the grey head, bent the knee—  
All above, the midnight heaven,  
All below, the rolling sea.

There was meek, true-hearted woman,  
Ever foremost 'mong the good,  
There the stout and stalwart yeoman,  
Who the tyrant's law withstood.

At the hallow'd font low bending  
There, the parent breath'd his vow,  
And the priest, his arms extending,  
Bless'd the infant's angel brow.

There the pure and high-soul'd maiden,  
Pale, yet fearless, stood a bride,  
Though around her, terror laden,  
Swell'd the gale and flash'd the tide.

And the invocation ended,  
Render'd every holy rite;  
Once again the Cross ascended,  
And its symbol's blessed their sight.

And anew the vows were taken,  
There, upon the pathless main,  
Though by all the world forsaken,  
Breton faith should know no stain.

Then departed, with them bearing  
Hopes and impulse kindl'd high;  
Hopes, beyond a monarch's sharing,  
Which an empire could not buy.

Thus was vengeful malice baff'd,  
And, 'mid scenes of blood and scathe,  
Braving axe and reeking scaffold,  
So the Breton kept his faith,

C. A. S.



# "WE ARE ALL LOW PEOPLE THERE."

A TALE OF THE ASSIZES.—IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Mr. Treherne readily acquiesced in my wish to delay the execution of our business for another day, when I made the proposition to him on our meeting the following morning at his breakfast table. He seemed so thoroughly engrossed in his own affairs, so overwhelmed with his peculiar labours, that he was, I believe, grateful to me for the reprieve. For my own part, I had engaged to afford myself a week's recreation, and I had no wish to revisit London until the last moment of my holiday had been accomplished. It is little pastime that the employments of the present day enable a man to take, who would fain retain his position, and not be elbowed out of it by the ninety and nine unprovided gentlemen who are waiting for a scramble. The race of life has grown intense—the runners are on each other's heels. Woe be to him who rests, or stays to tie his shoe-string! Our repast concluded, and Mr. Treherne, again taking leave of me until dinner-time, I set out at once for the attic of my unhappy bread-stealer. What was the object of my visit? I had given him a sovereign. What did I intend further to do for him? I had, in truth, no clear conception of my purpose. The man was ill, friendless, without employment, and had "the incumbances," wife and children, as the sick and unemployed invariably do have; but although these facts, coming before a man, presented a fair claim upon his purse (if he chanced to have one) to the extent of that purse's ability yet the demand closed legitimately here, and the hand of charity being neither grudgingly or ostentatiously proffered, the conscience of the donor and the heart of the receiver had no reason whatever to complain. Still my conscience was not at ease, and it did complain whenever I hesitated and argued the propriety of engaging any further in the business of a man whom I had known only a few hours, and whose acquaintance had been made, certainly, not under the most favourable circumstances. It is a good thing to obey an instinct, if it be stimulated towards that which is honourable or good for man to do; yes, though cold deliberation will not give it sanction. It was an urging of this kind that led me on. Convinced that I had done enough for this unhappy man, I was provoked, importuned to believe that I ought to do still more. "It may be"—the words forced their way into my ears—"that the interest which has been excited in me for this family, is not the result of a mere accident. Providence may have led me to their rescue, and confided their future welfare to my conduct. He is an outcast—isolated amongst men—may be a worthy and deserving creature, crushed and kept down by his misfortunes. Is a trifling exertion enough to raise him, and shall I not give it to him?" Then passed before my eyes visions, the possibility of realizing which, made me blush with shame for a moment's indecision or delay. First, I pictured myself applying to my friend Pennyfeather, who lives in that dark court near the Bank of England, and sleeps in Paradise at his charming villa in Kent, and gaining through his powerful interest a situation—say of eighty pounds per annum—for the father of the family; then visiting that incomparable and gentle lady, Mrs. Pennyfeather, whose woman's heart opens to a tale of sorrow, as flowers turn their beauty to the sun, and obtaining a firm promise touching the needle-work for Mrs. Warton. And then the scene changed altogether, and I was walking in the gayest spirits, whistling and singing through Camden town on my way to their snug lodgings in the vale of Hampstead heath—and the time is twilight. And first I meet the children, neatly dressed, clean, and wholesome looking, jumping and leaping about the heather at no particular sport, but in the very joy and healthiness of their young blood—and they catch sight of me, and rush to greet me, one and all. They lead me to their mother. How beautiful she has become in the subsidence of mental tumult, in quiet, grateful labour, and, more than all, in the sunlight of her husband's gradual restoration! She is busy with her needle, and her chair is at the window, so that she may watch the youngsters even whilst she works; and near her is the table, already covered with a snow-white cloth, and ready for "dear Warton" when he comes home, an hour hence, to supper. "Well, you are happy, Mrs. Warton, now, I think," say I. "Yes, thanks to you, kind sir," is the reply. "We owe it all to you;" and the children, as if they understand my claim upon their love, hang about my chair;—one at my knee, looking in my face; another with my hand, pressing it, with all his little might, in his; a third inactive, but ready to urge me to prolong my stay, as soon as I should think of quitting them. What a glow of comfort and self-respect passed through my system, as the picture, bright with life and colour, fixed itself upon my brain, stepping, as I was, into the unwholesome lane, and shrinking from the fætid atmosphere. I could hesitate no longer. I began to make my plans as I trudged up the filthy stairs. The measured tones of a voice, engaged apparently with a book, made me stop short at the attic door. I recognised the sound, and caught the words. The mendicants were at their prayers. "The benevolent stranger" was not forgotten in the supplication, nor was he unmoved as he listened in secret to the fervent accents of his fellow man. Whilst I have no pretension to the character of a saint, I am free to confess, that amongst the fairest things of earth few look so sublime as piety, steadfast and serene, amidst the cloud and tempest of calamity. Was it so here! I had yet to learn. A striking improvement had taken place in the aspect of the room, since the preceding evening. The straw was gone. Its place had been supplied by the gift of the anonymous benefactor, of whom, by the way, nothing was known, or had since been heard. The beds were already removed to an angle of the apartment—the pieces of carpet were converted into a rug for the fireplace, and a chair or two were ready for visitors. Warton himself looked a hundred per cent better—his wife was all smiles, when she could refrain from tears; and the children had been too much astonished by their sumptuous fare, to be any thing but satiated, contented, happy. My vision was already half-realized. When I had submitted for an inconvenient space of time to their reiterated thanks and protestations, I put an end to further expressions of gratitude, by informing them that my stay in the city was limited—that I had no time for any thing but business, and that we must have as few words as possible. I wished to know in what way I could effectually serve them.

"You said, sir, yesterday," replied Warton, "that you would take no steps in our favour, until you had satisfied yourself that we, at least, deserved your bounty. Had you not said it, I should not have been happy until I had afforded you all the satisfaction in my power. Heaven knows I owe it to you! It is to you, sir—"

"Come, my good fellow, remember what I told you. No protestations. Let us come to the point."

"Thank you, sir—I will. Are you acquainted with London?"

"Tolerably well. What then?"

"You may have heard, sir, of a merchant there of the name of —"

"Ay have I. One of our first men. Do you know him? Will he give you a character?"

"He is my uncle, sir—my mother's brother. Apply to him, and he will tell you I am a planderer and a villain."

I looked at Mr. Warton, somewhat startled by his frank communication, and waited to hear more.

"It is false—it is false!" continued the speaker emphatically. "I cannot melt a rock—I cannot penetrate a heart of stone. If I could do so, he would be otherwise."

"You surprise me!" I exclaimed.

"That I live, sir, is a miracle to myself. That I have not been destroyed by the misery which I have borne, is marvellous. A giant's strength must yield before oppression heaped upon oppression. But there, sir"—he added, pointing to his wife, and struggling for composure—"there has been my stay, my hope, my incitement; but for her—God bless her!"—The wife motioned him to be silent, and he paused.

"This excitement is too much for him, is it not?" I asked. "Come, Mr. Warton, you are still weak and unwell. I will not distress you now."

"I ask your pardon, sir. Three years' illness, annoyance, irritation, poverty, have made me what you see me. It has not been so always. I was vigorous and manly until the flesh gave way, and refused to bear me longer up. But I will be calm. It is very strange, sir, but even now one look from her subdues me, and restores me to myself."

"You have received a good education—have you not, Mr. Warton?"

"Will you spare an hour, sir, to listen to my history?"

"I should be glad to hear it," I replied, "but it will be as well to wait, perhaps—"

I looked enquiringly at his wife.

"No, sir," resumed the man, "I am tranquil now. It is a hard task, but I have strength for it. You shall know every thing. Before you do a second act of charity, you shall hear of the trials of those whom you have saved already. You shall be satisfied."

"Well, be it so," I answered. "Proceed, and I will listen patiently."

Warton glanced at his wife, who rose immediately and quitted the room with her three children. The latter were evidently staggered by the sudden change in their circumstances, and they stared full in my face until the latest moment. Being left alone with my new acquaintance, I felt, for a short time somewhat ill at ease; but when the poor fellow commenced his history, my attention was excited, and I soon became wholly engrossed in his recital, which proved far more strange and striking than I had any reason to expect.

Mr. Warton, as well as I can remember, spoke to me as follows:—

"Knowing what you do, sir," he began, "you will smile, and hardly believe me, when I tell you, that the sin of *Pride* has been my ruin. Yes, criminal as I was yesterday—beggar as I am to-day—surrounded by every sign and evidence of want, I confess it to my shame—*Pride*, has helped to bring me where I am—*Pride*, not resulting from the consciousness of blood, or the possession of dignities and wealth—but pride, founded upon nothing. I am one of three children. I had two sisters—both are dead. My father was a workhouse boy, and his parentage was unknown. I told you that I had little reason to build a self-esteem upon my family descent; yet there was a period in my life when I would have given all I had in the world for an honourable pedigree—to know that I had bounding in my veins a portion of the blood that ages since had fallen to secure a nation's liberties, or in any way had served to perpetuate its fame. Wealth, simple wealth, I always regarded with disdain. I revered the well-born. My father was apprenticed from the workhouse to a maker of watch-springs, living in Clerkenwell; but after remaining with his master a few months, during which time he was treated with great severity, he ran away. He obtained a situation in the establishment of a silk-merchant in the city, and began life on his own account as helper to the porter of the house. My father, sir—we may speak well of the departed—had great abilities. He was a wonderful man—not so much on account of what he accomplished, (and, in his station, this was not a little,) as for what he proved himself to be, under every disadvantage that could retard a man struggling through the world, even from his infancy. His perseverance was remarkable, and he had a depth of feeling which no ill treatment or vicissitude could diminish. He must have risen amongst men; for mind is buoyant, and leaps above the grosser element. He had resolved, in his first situation, to do his duty strictly, rather to overdo than to fall short of it, and to make himself, if possible, essential to his employers. He saw, likewise, the advantage of respectful behaviour, and cheerfulness of temper. Whatever he did, he did with a good grace, and with a willingness to oblige, that secured for him the regard of those he served. He was not long in discovering, that it was impossible for him to advance far with his present amount of attainment, however sanguine he might be, and resolute in purpose. The porter's boy might lead in time to the office of porter; but there was no material rise from this, and the emolument was, at the best, sufficient only for the necessities of life. He learned that the head of the firm himself had been originally a servant in the establishment, and had been promoted gradually from the desk, on account of his industry, trustworthiness, and skill in figures. Now, honest and industrious my father knew himself to be, but of skill in figures he had none. He determined at once to make himself a good accountant, and every leisure hour was employed thenceforward with that object. At the same time he was diligent in improving his handwriting, in storing his mind with useful information, and in preparing himself for any vacancy which might occur at the desk, when his age would justify him in offering himself to fill it. He had held his situation for three years, when an accident happened that materially helped him on. A fire broke out in his master's warehouse. The gentleman was from home, and nobody was on the premises at the time but the porter and himself, who lived and slept in the house. It was in the middle of the night. A fierce wind set in when the flames were at their highest, and, before morning, the place was a heap of ruins. In the first alarm, my father remembered that, in the counting-house, a tin box had been left by his master, which previously had always been carefully locked away in the iron chest. He was sure that it contained papers of great value, and that its loss would be severely felt. He determined to secure it, or, at the least, to make every endeavour. He succeeded, and gained the treasure almost at the expense of life. He was not mistaken in his supposition. In the box were deposited documents of the highest importance to his master; and the latter, delighted with the boy's acuteness, and grateful for the service, was eager to remunerate him. My father made known his wishes, and his acquaintance with accounts, and in less than six months—as soon, indeed, as the house was rebuilt—he had his foot on the first step of the ladder, and took his place amongst the clerks in the counting-house. Ah, sir! there is nothing like perseverance. My father knew his powers, and was the man to exert them. He worked at the desk from morning till night. He gave his heart to his business, and no time was his which could be given to that. What was the consequence? His less energetic brethren envied and hated him, but his employer esteemed and valued him. And he ascended rapidly. It is said that circumstances make the man. I doubt the truth of this. The highest order of minds controls them, moulds them to his purposes, and makes them what he will. Time and opportunity are the crutches of the timid and helpless. In the course



of a few years, my father became the youngest partner in the firm—the youngest, but the most active and the most useful. He began to accumulate. He remained in this position until he reached his thirtieth year, when he looked abroad for a companion and a home. He proposed as a suitor to the daughter of his senior partner—a vain and foolish, although a wealthy man, who had made great plans for his child, and looked for an alliance with nobility. She, a proud and handsome girl, scorned the approaches of the silk-merchant, and wondered at his boldness. One word, sir, of her, before I follow my father in his career. Oh, the vicissitudes of life—the changes—the sudden rise—the violent fall of men! Well may the player say, 'The spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.' They do, they do; what a spectacle for gods is man! This woman, sir—this arrogant, this supercilious damsel, cradled in gold and satin, and bred in the glossy lap of luxury—died—rotted on a dunghill. Her father gained his nobleman—she, a paramour. She eloped with a marquis, who deserted her. She returned to her home, and found it shut against her. She who had feasted upon the choice morsels of abundance, must, like me, commit crime for a loaf of bread. She is carried abroad by a new protector, and strangers bear her to a pauper's grave. This was her fate, sir. But to return. In consequence of the refusal, a coolness arose between the partners. An angry word or two took place—a taunt—something too galling for my father's pride was spoken, and there was a separation. My father then commenced business on his own foundation—it is hardly necessary for me to say with success. He could not but prosper. To fail whilst reason was left him was impossibility. He soon married. His wife—my mother—was the daughter of a rich merchant. You know the name, sir. Her brother, my uncle, bears the same. I told it to you just now. There could not have been a more unfortunate union. My father was full of feeling and noble impulses, intelligent, active, passionate, and required, if not his own qualities in a partner, at least a milder reflex of himself—a woman that could appreciate his nature, encourage, help, support him; a woman, in a word, with a heart and mind, and both devoted. My mother, unfortunately for her, for all, had no sympathy for her husband—had nothing to offer him but the portion which she brought, and the hand which her father bade her give. She was a cold—must I say it!—unfeeling woman, with little thought beyond herself, her apparel, and her pleasures. I hope, sir, I shall make you understand me. It is hard to speak disparagingly of her who gave me life. Let me be careful that I do her justice. I bring against her no charge of vice. I believe her *not* vicious. I ever considered her too weak to be so. I would have you imagine a woman apathetic and characterless; her mental powers just equal to providing her with a becoming garment; her feelings capable, perhaps, of their full expansion if a stranger moved them with some hollow compliment upon her good taste, or, easier still, her beauty—for she was not without this dangerous gift—a lovely image, sir. I have myself, as a boy, often seen a radiance upon her countenance at such a season, when the pretty gambols of my infant sister has failed to draw one smile of approbation. The little sensibility she had waited on a paltry vanity. I may say with truth, that her children caused her no pain. By a fortunate physical constitution, she bore the burden of a mother without the pangs that usually attend a mother's state. In this respect she was considered a remarkable woman by those who deemed their judgment in such matters sound. Once in the world, her care was at an end. I have heard, sir—I have read of mothers' love. I can feel what it should be; I can guess what wonders it may work in the wayward spirit of man; for I longed and yearned for it, but it never came. My elder sister died when a child of two years. My father was then in the zenith of his prosperity, and was absorbed in his affairs; yet this loss—this heavy blow—came upon him like a thunderstroke. Many things occupied his time, but this alone his mind. Deep sighs would escape him in the active prosecution of his business, and his cheeks were suffused with tears as he sped along the city's streets, sacred only to gain and worldly commerce. He doated on his girls, and to lose one was to lose half the joy of his existence. The effect of this calamity was otherwise on my mother; and I revert to the difference in order to make clear to you their respective natures. My mother wept at the death of her child—she would not else have been a woman; but as I have seen weak watery clouds pass across the moon's surface, leaving the planet untouched and tranquil in their transit, so the thin veil of her sorrows did not disturb the palpable unconcern—the neutrality of soul that were behind. One easy flow of tears, and the claim of the departed was satisfied. In a day, the privation had ceased to be one. Here then, sir, are the seeds of a wilderness of after woe: my father, overflowing with affection, and craving, as it were, for sympathy, turning to my mother, and finding there a blank—nothing to rest upon. 'What is fortune,' says the poet, 'to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? Is it not as a triumphal crown to the brows of one parched with fever, and asking for one fresh, healthful draught—the cup of cold water?' So it was here, and hence husband and wife became soon estranged from one another. The former, busy from hour to hour in his counting-house, had little time to spare upon his children; the latter, with all her time at her disposal, took no delight in the task. My sister and I, in our infancy, were made over to strangers; and from the hands of the nurse we were transmitted to those of the schoolmistress. When I was old enough, I was removed from my sister's school, and placed, with a select number of young gentlemen, under the care of a highly respectable master. It was here that my pride began to take root. One of my schoolfellows was the son of a general, another the son of a large landed proprietor, a third was heir to a peerage, a fourth traced his ancestors to a period when the soil was yet untrodden by a Norman foot. I was chagrined at my position—irritated—humbled; but the boys, especially those to whom I have alluded, behaved towards me with extreme kindness; and whilst I felt humbled, I did not envy them, because I loved them. I had one advantage, I was the son of a rich merchant, as he was called in the school, although I knew that title to be one of courtesy only, and I was ashamed of the little superiority which that advantage gave me. What cause for pride can there be in the possession of so much dress? You will smile, sir, when I tell you of the resolution which fixed itself in the mind of a boy scarcely in his teens. My playfellows were respected on account of the considerations which I have named. Why should I not be respected? I vowed that I would become so. And how? For what? For nothing less, sir, than *myself*; for my own high principle and integrity of conduct. It is true, sir. There were the sons of a noble ancestry about me who would condescend to tell a falsehood; the nephew of an officer who was mean enough to borrow money and not repay it. There were many whose notions of honour were lax and unbecoming. Had I entertained them, they must have been fatal to me. Discarding them for ever, and speaking and acting on all occasions, of trifling or of serious moment, with the most jealous regard to truth and honesty, I relied upon securing for myself what my predecessors had failed to leave me—the respect of my fellow-men, and a good and honourable name. It seems a noble resolution. I repent it to this hour. It is true that I rose rapidly in the estimation of my master, and that I was regarded even with deference, as I grew up, by boys of my own age, and of better standing; but it is no less true, that, from the moment my

determination was made, I became morbidly anxious for the good opinion of men, painfully alive to ridicule, and as fearful of the breath of slander or reproach as though it came loaded with the plagues of Egypt. With such an idiosyncrasy, what becomes of happiness on earth? But I tire you, sir."

"Go on, I beg of you," I answered, deeply interested in the narrative, and no less surprised at the language and manner of the speaker, both of which convinced me that he was a man of genius and of education. The whole thing was a mystery, and I was impatient for the solution and the end. "Do not fatigue yourself," I continued. "For my own part I listen with the greatest interest."

"I remember, sir," proceeded Mr. Warton, "as if it were yesterday, my first return home. It was for the midsummer holidays, and gay enough were my spirits then. All was sunshine and hope. I had not seen my parents for two years. It seemed as if twenty had passed over my father's head since our leaving-taking. His hair had become blanched, and a settled frown had grown upon his brow. His forehead was full of lines and wrinkles; his lips were constantly pressed together; anger was the predominant expression of his face. The openness of countenance which had so well become him, and which inspired me even as a child with loving confidence, chased away, and disappointment and vexation had seated themselves in its place. He relaxed for a moment when he saw me, and pressed me, even then, passionately to his arms; but the clouds soon gathered again, and asserted their right of possession. I, boylike and apprehensive, concluded that his affairs were in a disordered state. I had but one thought at the time. I prayed that misfortune, and not *dishonesty*, might appear to the world as the occasion of his difficulties. My mother looked younger than ever. She was dressed with much care, and there was a bloom upon her cheek that would have adorned a country maiden. Not a line, not a shadow of a line, was visible on her soft skin—not a tooth had departed from the ivory and well-formed set. She had retained all that was valueless, and had lost entirely and irreparably the priceless treasure of her husband's love. At supper-time, on the very first evening of my arrival, I was made thoroughly aware of the fearful change which, in so short a time, had come over the spirit of our home. Joy, I knew, had long since fled from it—now peace had been startled, and there was discord, nothing but discord, at the hearth. My father drew his chair to the table, in the sullen and angry temper which I have told you was visible on his countenance at our meeting. It seemed at first as though he had received offence elsewhere, and was resolved to remain discomforted. I could not understand it, but I was awed by his frown, and sat in terror. In a few minutes, the flame burst forth. My father required a silver spoon. There was one within arm's reach of him. 'But why was it not *before* him?' He repeated the question again and again, until he forced an answer, which gave him no satisfaction, but provoked fresh rage. Then came insipid remonstrances from my mother, foolish argument—passionless, but not on that account less irritating, allusions to the past. There was little incitement required, and a word from her lips scarcely worth noticing was sufficient to maintain a quarrel for an hour. To a stranger, the scene would have been lamentable; to me, their child, it was sad and sickening indeed. I have no terms to express to you the fierceness of my father's anger. By degrees, he lost all mastery over himself; he used the most opprobrious epithets, and, but for me, he would have struck her. For three hours this state of things continued, and at midnight they withdrew, to retire to separate beds, and separate rooms."

"And all this," said my mother as she closed her door—"all this for the sake of a paltry spoon!" Ah! poor woman, could she but have understood how guiltless of offence was that said spoon, she would have learnt the secret of her troubles; but we are not all physicians, sir, and we do not trouble ourselves concerning the *seat* of our complaint, whilst its effects are killing us with pain. It was evident that every spark of affection was extinguished in my father's breast, that his disposition was soured, and that, cause or no cause, misery must be our daily bread. I could not sleep that night, and I rose from my bed in the morning, determined to speak boldly to my father on what had taken place. I loved him—child never loved parent better—and I knew I could speak respectfully—affectionately—yes, and solemnly to him; for, God bless him—he was proud of me, and he listened with regard to my words—on account of my little education, already so superior to his own. I was better able to remonstrate with him, because I had taken no part in the contest which I had witnessed, further than placing myself between them when his rage seemed to have robbed him of reason."

"I stepped into his bed-room before he quitted it."

"Father,"—said I.

"What! Edgar," he replied kindly, "what can I do for you?"

"I had arranged in my mind the words which I proposed to utter, but they vanished suddenly, and I could do nothing but weep."

"My father, sir, was the strangest of men. Indeed, since his alienation from his wife, the most unaccountable. Rude and violent as he could be to her—he was the tenderest, the most anxious of fathers. He turned pale as death when he saw me in tears, and entreated me to tell him what I suffered. I gained confidence from his anxiety, and spoke."

"Father," I said, "you must not be angry with me for speaking boldly. Poor mother! you will kill her—you do not treat her well. I am sure nothing could justify all you said and did last night. You called her cruel names. It is not right. I am certain it is not."

"Edgar," said my father, frowning as he went on, "be silent. You are a child, and I love you. I will do any thing for your happiness. I forbid you to speak to me of your mother."

"But if you love me," I answered quickly, "you ought to love my mother, too. Oh! do, dear father—do be kind and loving to her."

"Edgar," exclaimed my parent passionately, "you are very young now—you will be older if you live, and then I can speak to you as a friend. You cannot understand me now. She has broken your father's heart—she has rendered me the most miserable of men. I would I could speak to you, dear Edgar—but this tongue will perhaps be cold and immovable before you can understand the tale. I am wretched, wretched, indeed!"

"My father was overcome. He could not himself refrain from tears. I felt deeply for him, and would have given any thing to hear this secret cause of grief. But his expressions kept me silent, and I clasped his hands in pity."

"Edgar," he continued in a loud voice, and speaking through his tears, "listen to my words. They are sacred. Receive them as you would my dying syllables. You may be distant when the blow falls which divides us. Edgar, I implore you, when you become a man, to let one consideration only guide you in your selection of a partner. Mark me—only one—see that she has a heart—a virtuous heart—and that it be yours entire. Despise wealth—beauty—family—look to nothing but that. Would to Heaven that I had!—Edgar—your happiness—your salvation, every thing, depends upon it. I have lost all—I am crushed and ruined; but do you, dear child, learn wisdom from your father's wreck."

"He said no more. I could not answer him, for my heart was choked. In



a few minutes he bade me, in a quiet tone, retire to the breakfast room; and shortly afterwards he made his own appearance there, looking as moodily and cross when he beheld my mother, as when he had encountered her at supper on the night before.

"Now, sir, I am ashamed to confess to you—but I have asked you to hear my history—and you shall hear the truth in the teeth of shame—that all my sympathy was, from this hour, towards my father, and against my mother. It may be wrong—wicked—but I could not control the strong feeling within me. His words had left a powerful impression upon my mind. His tone, his tears—his man's tears—stamped those words with truth, and I believed him wronged. In what way I knew not—nor did I care. It was sufficient for me to hear it, as I did, from his lips, and to be told that it was not possible to reveal more. Besides, sir, I have already intimated to you that there was little tenderness in my mother's heart for me. She was cold, indifferent, and had never had part in all my little joys and griefs. My father, even with his heavy fault—a fault almost pardoned, as I believed, by the provocation—watched my boyish steps, and rejoiced with me in my well-doing. Nothing had interest for me which was not important to him. He encouraged me in learning. He grudged no money that could be spent in my improvement—he had no joy so great as that which waited on my desire for knowledge. He had been to me a playmate, counsellor, friend, whenever his slender opportunities permitted him to escape to me; and evidences of the most devoted affection had disturbed my youthful heart with an emotion too deep for utterance in the silence and solitude of my schoolboy hours. Yes—right or wrong—by necessity—my sympathy was all for him. And to convince you, sir, that my feelings were enlisted in his cause, irrespectively of self, without the most distant view to my own interest, I have but to refer to the life which I passed under his roof, until I left it, to return, for a second time, to the enjoyments and consolations—as they were always—of my school. Although his affection for me was unbounded, it was not long before I perceived, with bitterness and trouble, that it was impossible for him to save me from the fury of a temper which he had no longer power to govern. I could read, or I believed I could, his inmost soul, and I could see the hourly struggle for forbearance and self-control. It was in vain. If his passion obtained the rein for an instant—it was wild—away—beyond his reach—and he thought not, in the paroxysm, of the sufferer, whose smile he would not have ruffled in the season of sobriety and quiet. I did not fail again and again to remonstrate on behalf of my mother—for the scene which I have described to you became an endless one; but perceiving at length that representation added only fuel to the fire, I desisted. My lively habits soon appeared to be unsuited to the new order of things. My father would once have smiled with enjoyment at some piece of boyish mischief which now roused him to anger, and before excuse could be offered, or pardon asked—the severest chastisement—I cannot tell how severe, was inflicted on my flesh."

"Madman!" I exclaimed involuntarily, interrupting Warton in his narrative.

"Madman do you say, sir?" he answered quickly. "Yes, I have often thought so—and to an extent, I grant you—if it be madness to have the reason prostrate before passion. But it is profitless to define the malady. I would have you dwell, sir, on the cause—her fatal apathy—her indifference—I know not what besides—which made him what he was. You may imagine, sir, that my blood has boiled beneath the punishment—that I have burned with indignation beneath the weight of it, undeserved and cruel as it was. Oh, sir! God has visited me these many years with sore affliction. I am a forlorn, disabled, cast-off creature—nothing lives viler than the thing I have become; and yet in this dark hour I thank my Maker with an overflowing grateful heart that He tied down my hands when they have tingled in my agony to return the father's blow. I never did—I never did."

The speaker grew more and more excited, and his voice at last failed him. I rose, and retired to the window, but he proceeded whilst my face was turned away. I know not why—but my own eyes smarted.

"Yes, sir, time after time the horrible desire to be avenged, and to give back blow for blow, has possessed me; and, as if eternal torture were to be the immediate penalty of the unnatural act, I have thrown my arms behind me, clasped hand in hand, and held them tiger-like together, until the fit was passed away. And then who could be more penitent, more sorrowful, than he! Within an hour of perpetrating this barbarity, he has met me, with a look pleading for forgiveness, which I would have given him had he offended me, oh much—much more. What could he say to his child? What could his child allow him to utter? Nothing. I have kissed him; he has taken me by the hand; we have walked abroad together; and he has loaded me with gifts for the joy of our reconciliation."

Curious as I was to hear more, I deemed it expedient, for the present, to close the history. The man seemed carried away by the subject, and his cheeks were scorched with the burning flush which the unusual exertion of mind and body had summoned up. He spoke vehemently—hurriedly—at the top of his voice, and I knew not how far his agitation might carry him. I again proposed to him to abstain from fatigue, and to leave his history unfinished for the present. He paused for a few minutes, wiped the heavy perspiration from his brow, and answered me in a calm and steady voice—

"I will transgress no more, sir. I have never spoken of these things yet—and they come before my mind too vividly—they inflame and mislead me. I ask your pardon. But let me finish now—the tale is soon told—I cannot for a second time revert to it."

"Go on," I answered, yielding once more to his wish, and in the same composed and quiet voice he began again.

"The first watch which I called my own, was given to me on one of these occasions. My father had requested me to execute some small commission. I forgot to do it. In his eyes the fault for a moment assumed the form of wilful disobedience. That moment was enough—he was roused—the paroxysm prevailed, and I was beaten like a dog. An hour afterwards he was persuaded that his child was not undutiful. His reason returned to him, and with it a load of miserable remorse. He offered me, with a tremulous hand, the bauble, which I accepted; and as I took it, I saw a weight of sorrow tumble from his unhappy breast. This was my father, sir. A man who would have been the best of fathers—had he been permitted, as his heart directed him, to be the tenderest of husbands. I could see in my boyhood that blame attached to my mother—to what extent I did not know. I lived in the hope of hearing at some future time. That time never came. I remained at home two months, and then went back to school. I received a letter from one of my father's clerks, who was an especial favourite of mine. It must have been about a week after my departure. It told me that my father had drooped since I quitted him. On the morning that I came away, he left his business and locked himself in my bedroom. He was shut up at least two hours there. Fifty different matters required his presence in the counting-house, and at length my friend, the clerk, disturbed him. When the door was opened, he found his master, his eyes

streaming with tears, intent upon a little book in which he had seen me reading many days before. Oh, it was like him, sir! Within a few days I received another letter from the same hand. My father was dangerously ill, and I was summoned home. I flew, and arrived to find him delirious. He had been seized with inflammation the day before. The fire blazed in a system that was ripe for it. The doctors were baffled. Mortification had already begun. He did not recognize me, but he spoke of me in his delirium in terms of endearment, whilst curses against my mother rolled from his unconscious lips. Three hours after my arrival he was a corpse. And such a corpse! They told me it was my father, and I believed them.

"Are you, sir, fatherless?" asked Warton suddenly. I told him, and he continued. "You have felt then the lightning shock that has altered the very face of nature. Earth, before and after that event, is not the same. It never was to human being yet. It cannot be. What a secret is learnt upon that day! How tottering and insecure have become the things of life that seemed so firm and fixed! The penalty is heavy which we pay for the privilege to be our own master. Oh, the desolation of a fatherless home! My father died, having made no will. So it was said at first—but in a few days was another version. My mother's brother—the uncle that I spoke of—then appeared upon the stage, and was most active for his sister's interests. He had never been a friend of my father's. They had not spoken for years. I did not know why. I had never enquired—for the man was a stranger to me, and since my birth he had not crossed our threshold. My father believed that his relative had wronged him—of this I was sure—and I hated him therefore when he appeared. When my father was buried, this man produced a will. I was present when it was read—bodily present; but my heart and soul were away with him in the grave—and with him, sir, in heaven, beyond it. They told me at the conclusion of the ceremony, that my father had died worth fifty thousand pounds—that he had left my mother the bulk of his property—to my sister a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and to me the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum. But they might have talked to stone. What cared my young and inexperienced, and still bleeding heart, for particulars and sums? A crust without him was more than enough. It was more than I could swallow now—and what was *wealth* to me? My uncle, I heard afterwards, watched me as the different items were read over, and seemed pleased to observe upon my face no sign of disappointment. That he was pleased, I am certain, for he spoke kindly to me when all was over, and said that I was a good boy, and should be taken care of. "Taken care of!"—and so I was—and so I am—for look about you, sir, and observe the evidences of my uncle's love. The clerk, to whom I have alluded, took an early opportunity to remind me of the nature of my father's will—and to hint to me suspicions of foul play. It was not that I cared for the money. At that age I was ignorant of its value, and my little portion seemed a mine of wealth. But I wished to dislike my uncle, because he had given pain to my dear father. I avoided his presence as much as I could, and I made him feel that my aversion was hearty. We never became friends. We seldom spoke—and never but when obliged. He was a coarse man then—I have not seen him for many years—ungentlemanly and unfeeling in his deportment. It would have been as easy for him to alter the framework of his body as to have shown regard for the sensibilities of other men. He lived to amass. He counts his tens of thousands now—they may have been scraped together amidst the groans and shrieks of the distressed, but there they are—he has them, and he is happy. I asked, and obtained from my mother, permission to return to school. I remained there without visiting my home again for three years. My mother did not once write to me, or come to see me. I did not write to her. My expenses were paid from my income. My father's business was still conducted by my mother with her assistants, and she resided in the old house. Did I tell you that my uncle was the appointed executor of my father's will, and my guardian? He managed my affairs, and for the present I suffered him to do as he thought proper. In the meanwhile my happiness at school was unbounded. My existence there was sweet and tranquil, like the flow of a small secluded stream. I was eighteen years of age, and I desired to enter the university. I fixed upon Oxford, as holding out a better prospect of success than the sister seat of learning. I enquired what sum of money was necessary for my education there; and received for answer, that two hundred pounds a-year might carry me comfortably through, but that, with some economy and self-denial, a hundred and fifty might be sufficient. It is a curious circumstance that the very post which brought this information, brought likewise a letter from my uncle, offering, as my guardian, and at his own expense, to send me to the university. I was indignant at the proposition and vowed, before his letter was half read, that I would rather live upon a meal a-day, than owe my bread to one whom I regarded as my father's foe. Does it not strike you, sir, as somewhat singular, that my father should make this man executor, trustee, and guardian? Men do not generally appoint their enemies to such offices. I wrote to my uncle in reply, declined coldly but respectfully, his offer, and told him my intention. Here our correspondence ended, and six months afterwards my name was on the boards of my college. I went up knowing no one, but carrying from my friend, the schoolmaster, a letter of introduction to a clergyman who had been his college friend, and who (now married and the father of one child) earned his subsistence by taking pupils. I was received by this poor but worthy man with extreme kindness. He read the character which I had brought with me, and bade me make his house my home. His hospitality was at first a great advantage to me. My slender income compelled me to exercise rigid economy—and to avoid all company. Although very poor I have told you that I was already very proud. I would not receive a favour which I could not pay back—I would not permit the breath of slander to whisper a syllable against my name. There were hours in which no book could be read with pleasure, which no study could make light. Such were passed in delightful converse with my friend, and thus I was spared even the temptation to walk astray. I need not tell you that I had no tutor. It was a luxury I could not afford. I worked the harder, and was all the happier for the victory I had gained, such I deemed it, over my uncle. At the end of a twelvemonth, I found my expenses were even within my income. It was a sweet discovery. I had paid my way. I did not owe a penny. I was respected, and no one knew my mode of life, or the amount of income that I possessed. My friend, I said, had one child. She was a daughter. During my first year's residence I had never seen her. She was away in Dorsetshire nursing a cousin, who died at length in her arms. She returned home at the commencement of my second year, and I was introduced to her. She fell upon my solitary life like the primrose that comes alone to enliven the dull earth—a simple flower of loveliness and promise, graceful in herself—but to the gazer's eye more beautiful, no other flower being present to provoke comparison. We met often. She was an artless creature, sir, and gave her love to me long, long before she knew the price of such a gift. She doated on her father, and it was a virtue that I understood. She was very fair to look at; timid as the fawn—as guileless; a creature of poetry, sent to be a dream, and to shed about her a beguiling unsubstantial brightness. All things



looked practicable and easy in the light in which she moved. The difficulties of life were softened—its rewards and joys coloured and enhanced. I thought of her as a wife, and the tone of my existence was from the moment changed. If you could have seen her, sir—the angel of that quiet house—gliding about, ministering happiness—her innocent expression—her lovely form—her golden hair falling to her swelling bosom—her truthfulness and cultivated mind—you would, like me, have blessed the fortune which had brought her to your side, and revealed the treasure to your youthful heart. I told her that I loved, and her tears and maiden blushes made her own affection manifest. Her father spoke to me, bade me reflect, take counsel, and be cautious. He gave at last no opposition to our wishes—but requested that time might be allowed for trial, and my settlement in life. And so it was agreed. I prosecuted my studies more diligently than ever, and looked with impatience for the hour when my profession (for I had gone to the university with a view to the church) and my little income would justify me in offering to my darling one a home. Did I now mourn over the inequality of my fortune? Did I upbraid the dead—accuse the living? I did not, sir. Too pleased to labour for the girl whom I had chosen—I rejoiced to owe my bread to my exertion. She then, as now—for it was her—my Anna, sir—the wreck whom you have seen—cruelly misused by poverty and grief—robbed of her beauty and her strength—the miserable outline of her former self—she then, even as now, was in all things actuated by the highest motive—a serious and religious maid. She cheered me with her smile—her perfect patience and tranquil hope. It was to her a privilege to be united to a clergyman, and to find her earthly joy combined with usefulness and good. In our walks, I have painted the future which was never to be—the bliss we were never to experience. I have spoken of the parsonage, and its little lawn and many flowers—pictured myself at work—visiting the poor—comforting the sick—herself my dear attendant at the cottage doors, with hosts of little ones about her, whom she might call her children, and for whom she might exercise more than a mother's care. She could not listen to such promises, and not grow happier in her inexperience than reality could ever render her; and yet sighs, ominous sighs, would from the first escape her. Still for a twelvemonth our nook of earth was Paradise, and sorrow, the universal lot, was banished from our door. The tales which I had been accustomed to hear of the world's deceit and falsehood seemed groundless and cruel—the inventions of envious disappointed minds—whose ambition had betrayed them into hopes, too preposterous for fulfilment. Happiness was on earth—did I not find her in my daily walk?—for such as were not loth to greet her with a lowly and contented spirit. I had no present care. The days were prosperous. I obtained a scholarship in my college at the end of the first year, which was worth to me at least fifty pounds per annum. This, not requiring, I saved up. I worked hard during the day—withdrew myself from all intercourse with men, and every evening was rewarded with the smiles of her for whose dear sake all labour was so easy. Oh, the tranquillity and ineffable bliss of those distant bygone days! Bygone, did I say? No—they exist still. Poverty—misery—persecution—such things pass away, and are in truth a dream. The troubles of yesterday vanish with the sun that set upon them—but those hours, deeply impressed upon the soul, have left their mark indelible; the intense, unspeakable joy that filled them, lingers yet, and brightens on one spot that stands alone, distinct in life. Cast when I will one single glance there, and I behold the stationary sunshine. I do so now. None feel so vigorous and well as they who are on the eve of some prostrating sickness. Dreaming of security, and as I looked about, perceiving from no side the probability or show of evil, I was in truth entangled in a maze of peril. My summer's day was at an end. The cloud had gathered—was overhead, and ready to burst and overcome me.

[The conclusion of this beautiful story will be given next week.]

## HABITS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BRETONS.

[Concluded from a former number of the Anglo American.]

Almost all the popular usages of the Bretons have their spring in religious notions, or in superstitions that claim a sort of poetical kindred with religion. The ceremonies of the church are here preserved with more gravity and strictness than in any other part of Europe. The fête-days of saints are solemnized with a degree of pomp which could hardly be expected from a population so poor and scattered. Nor are they less remarkable for their picturesque effects. In some cases the people gather into such crowds, that the interior of the church, from the altar through the nave, and in every nook and cranny of the private chapels, becomes illuminated with a forest of candles. Their pilgrimages, especially that of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours,—many of which take place at night, consisting of vast processions through the least frequented parts of the country, resemble long trains of phantoms holding wax lights in their hands. Every fête is marked by distinct features peculiar to itself. That of St. John is, perhaps, on the whole, the most striking. Throughout the day, the poor children go about begging contributions for lighting the fires of Monsieur St. Jean; and, towards evening, one fire is gradually followed by two, three, four; then a thousand gleam out from the hill tops, till the whole country glows under the conflagration. Sometimes the priests light the first fire in the market-place; and sometimes it is lighted by an angel who is made to descend, by a mechanical device, from the top of the church with a flambeau in her hand, setting the pile in a blaze, and flying back again. The young people dance with bewildering activity round these fires, for there is a superstition among them that if they dance round nine fires before midnight, they will be married in the ensuing year. Seats are placed round the flaming piles for the dead, whose spirits are supposed to come there for the melancholy pleasure of listening once more to their native songs, and contemplating the lively measures of their youth. Fragments of the torches on those occasions are preserved as spells against thunder and nervous diseases, and the crown of flowers which surmounted the principal fire is in such request as to produce tumultuous jealousy for its possession. At Brest, where the crowd, swelled by sailors, is considerably more riotous than elsewhere, there is a wild torch dance which winds up the night with savage uproar. There can be no doubt that this festival is a relique of Druidism, and that the fires had their origin in the worship of the sun. They are, in every respect, identical with the *Beal teinidh* of the Phenicians. The custom of kindling fires about midnight at the moment of the summer solstice, considered by the ancients a season of divinations, was a custom of remote antiquity, and seems to have been grafted upon Christianity by a common movement of all modern nations. When the year began in June, there was a direct significance in this *feu de joie*, which was intended to celebrate the commencement of vegetation, and to propitiate the fruits of the year by vows and sacrifices; but the usage still continued, by the force of habit, after its symbolical meaning had long ceased. That St. John should have inherited the fires of the sun is not half so curious as that the Christian festival should have retained some of the rites which were potent only in the Pagan interpretation. Thus the ancients used to carry away the burning flambeau, in the belief that as they shook off showers of sparks from them they expelled every evil, a practice which is still followed

in Cornwall and other places: the dance itself, for which there is always, to be sure, a sufficient excuse in the animal spirits of the revellers, had reference to the produce of the vine; and in some parts of Ireland the people still exhibit an implicit reverence for the old faith, by making their cattle pass through the fire for the purpose of charming them against disorders.

In their preparations for their manly pastimes, they do not always rely upon natural means, but have recourse, not only to the miraculous waters of certain fountains, but to particular herbs, which they gather on the first Saturday of the month, and which they believe have the power of rendering them invincible in the *lutte*. The employment of a secret advantage, or what they suppose to be one, would imply a spirit of jockeyship wholly inconsistent with the general integrity of the Breton character; but the proceeding carries so heavy a penalty with it that it is very rarely acted upon. The wrestler who fortifies himself with these enchanted herbs risks the perdition of his soul: a sufficient guarantee against the frequent use of so perilous a spell. It is the only instance in which the superstitions of the Bretons recognize the possibility of entering into a contract with the powers of darkness. Nor does it even appear that anything approaching to a specific admission of such a contract takes place; although the hazard avowedly annexed to the charm leaves the tacit understanding of some such responsibility clear enough.

The credulity of the Bretons is certainly not chargeable with melodramatic absurdities of this kind. They do not believe that a man can lease out his soul for a consideration. They have no witch-glen bazaars for the sale of inexhaustible riches, or parchment deeds scrawled in blood for reversionary interests in eternity. They are simply the passive recipients of that large class of influences which, from time immemorial, have been associated in the popular mind with the Elements and the Seasons, Night and the Grave, Life and Death. Their creed in this respect, embracing a variety of singular items peculiar to themselves, includes most of the superstitions common to other countries. To the peasant of Lower Brittany, the cries of crows and screech-owls convey a sinister presage. He believes in the fairies who come to warm themselves at his fireside, who dance in the light of the moon, or sit meditating on the seashore. He shudders at apparitions and at sounds in the air charged with messages from the world of spirits; and he yields implicit credence to the functions attached to hobgoblins, ware-wolves, and the demons that combat with guardian angels for the souls of men. Many of these superstitions are intimately interwoven with religion itself.

It is a generally received belief that two crows attend upon every house. When the head of a family is dying the ominous birds perch on the roof, and commence their dismal screaming, which never ceases till the body is carried out; whereon the birds vanish and are never seen again. The approach of death, heralded by numerous signs, is connected in one locality with a remarkable superstition. Between Quimper and Chateaulin, strange-looking men are occasionally encountered on the highways, habited in white linen, with long straggling hair and coal-black beards, armed with heavy sticks, and carrying dingy wallets slung over their shoulders. Their aspect is in the last degree dark and sinister. In the night time they take the least frequented routes. They never sing while they are walking, nor speak to anybody they meet, nor put their hands to their slouched hats with that politeness which is so general in Brittany. Sometimes they are accompanied by large fawn coloured dogs. The custom-house officers tell you that these people are smugglers, who go about the country with salt and tobacco; but the peasantry, who know better, assert that they are demons, whose dreadful business it is to conduct doomed souls into the next world. Wherever there is a person at the point of death, they may be seen prowling about the house like hungry wolves. If the guardian angel of the dying man, summoned by repeated prayers, do not arrive in time, the white man pounces on the deathbed at the last gasp, seizes the departing soul, crams it into his wallet, and carries it off to the marshes of St. Michel, into which he flings it, and where it must remain until it is delivered by vows and masses.

The belief, common to all catholic countries, that the souls of men who died without the benefits of absolution, are wandering about in execrating misery supplicating for intercession, is varied in different localities according to circumstances. There is a desolate plain between Auray and Pluvigner, a mournful stretch of uncultivated ground, formerly the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the houses of Blois and Montfort. Many hundred soldiers fell in the battle, and remains of armour and mouldering bones have frequently been turned up there. The tradition runs that the souls of these poor fellows, still compelled to haunt the dust they once inhabited, rise from the ground at a certain hour every night, and run the whole length of the funeral field. The moaning of the winds over this exposed surface is regarded as the expression of the anguish of the unshriven spirits, entreating for masses. The worst of it is, they are condemned to this hopeless nightly exercise until doomsday, and to gallop on in a straight line, no matter what obstacles they may encounter. Woe to the traveller who falls in with one of these unhappy ghosts. The touch is death.

The remains of Celtic superstitions may be distinctly traced in some of the legendary usages, thinly disguised under Christian forms. Thus in some places they carry the statue of a saint in procession to the charmed fountains, and plunge it into the water, by way of purifying themselves of the sins of the past year; an obvious relic of the pagan custom of washing idols. The *arbres à niches*, trees converted into arcades by drawing the branches over into an arch, in which crosses or images are set up, are also derived from the Celts, who worshipped all natural objects, and trees amongst the rest, believing them to be animated by supernatural intelligences. Then the stones and monuments of the Druids have particular virtues ascribed to them. Some conceal buried treasures; some, like the forge of Wayland Smith in Berkshire, possess magical powers; and an immense stone, poised on its inverted apex, called by the French the *pierre vacillante*, which the finger of a child would easily shake, will not move if attempted by the whole strength of a man whose wife has deceived him. At Carnac, if you pass the cemetery at midnight, you find all the tombs open, the church illuminated, and two thousand spectres on their knees listening to Death delivering a sermon from the top of the choir, in the dress of a priest. Some of the peasants will confidently affirm that they have beheld from a distance the light of the numerous wax tapers and have even heard the confused voice of the preacher.

The fairy lore of Brittany is literally located among these monuments. The Roches aux Fées (for there are many besides the celebrated one near Rennes) must not be approached after nightfall. It is here the fairies hold their court, and dance their elfish hays in the moonlight. The barrows are called the *chateaux de la poulpicans*. The poulpicans are no other than the husbands of the fairies, and make a very prominent figure in the mischievous gambols of "Fairy-Londe." The fairies are fair handsome women, conceived in the most perfect French taste, but their husbands are little squat ugly black men, who take the utmost delight in all sorts of whimsical and malicious jokes; playing Will-o'-



the-Whisp to the poor herdsmen in the woods, when they are looking after their strayed cattle, and seizing young girls by the neck as they are wending home at night, when the offended damsels, horribly vexed at having such a freedom taken with them, turn round in a furious passion to scold the supposed clown, but get nothing for their pains but the far-off laughter of the frolicsome poulpicans. A thousand legends are related about these humorous sprites. Often in the winter nights, cries of apparent agony are heard outside as the family sit listening to the crackling of the fire in the chimney nook. The children think it is the wind straining the pulleys in the neighbouring pits, or the wings of a windmill creaking on their axis, or the twirling post placed on the great apple-tree to frighten off the birds; but the old people shake their heads, and declare that these shrieking noises are the cries of the poulpicans calling to each other to run round the cromlechs on the hill-side. Those who are wise will never stir out on such occasions, but place a vase full of millet at the foot of their beds. The object of this precaution is to catch the poulpicans in a trap should they venture to come into the house; for they are sure to overturn the vase in their tricky fashion, and they are then compelled, by a strange necessity of their nature to pick it all up again, grain by grain, an occupation which will fully occupy them till daylight, when they are obliged to abscond.

The Evil-Eye, familiar to us in Scotch and Irish traditions, is universal in Brittany, where its influence is supposed to extend to the communication of infectious diseases. They give to this malevolent fascination the name of the Evil-Wind, under the impression that the pestilential effluvia, which streams from the eyes of such persons, is carried by the air to the individuals who are struck by the contagion.

In the enumeration of these fanciful terrors, the hobgoblin, a venerable sprite, must not be overlooked. The Breton hobgoblin is a sort of harlequin among the fiends. He takes the shape of different animals, and also answers for the demoniacal pranks of the night-mare. The loup-garou is another formidable monster, whose business consists in all sorts of depredations in the vicinity of towns and villages. The word *garou* belongs to the dialect of Morbihan, and signifies a cruel or savage wolf. The loup-garou is the *lycanthrope* of the French, a lineal descendant of the prowling ware-wolf of the Greeks and Romans.

A people who indulge so largely in supernatural luxuries, may fairly be allowed to pamper their imagination with charms and exorcisms; although it must be frankly conceded to the Bretons, that, except where their religion seems to suggest or foster such operations, they do not often resort to them. Everybody who knows Brittany knows that the buckwheat which is cultivated in such vast quantities over the surface, and which gives such a sickly uniformity to the aspect of the country, is regarded by the natives with feelings of enthusiasm. Buckwheat is much the same to a Breton as the leek to a Welshman, or the music of the Ranz des Vaches to a Swiss. It is the key to the whole system of national mnemonics. We remember a young Breton lady, who, after an absence of two or three years, ran out into the fields immediately upon her return to her native province, and, flinging herself down amongst the wheat, burst into a flood of tears at seeing it once more. A stranger can thoroughly comprehend the nature of this feeling, although stepping for the first time into the wheat-ground, steaming with that peculiar odour by which it is distinguished, it is quite impossible to comprehend how even the most patriotic ardour can overcome the disagreeable olfactory sensation it provokes. This wheat, however, is converted into the main article of consumption by the peasantry; the most substantial reason that can be assigned for their inordinate admiration of it; and the black bread thus produced becomes an active minister in a variety of conjurations. Whether the virtue is supposed to reside originally in the wheat, or is only reflected back upon it by the influence attributed to the bread itself, we have no means of determining; but it is certain that on many occasions of difficulty the bread is resorted to not merely as a sort of sanctified agent, but as a vehicle of divination. When a first-born child is taken to the church to be baptized, the mother hangs a piece of black bread round its neck to indicate the poverty of her circumstances; seeing which the evil spirits do not consider it worth their while to shower misfortunes on the infant, and so they are cheated of their victim with their eyes open. When a person is drowned, the family assemble in mourning, and throw a piece of black bread, with a wax-light on it, into the water; it is sure to float to the spot where the body lies. When anything is stolen, they have a certain method of detecting the thief by flinging black bread, of equal size, into the water, pronouncing at each cast the name of a suspected person; when the real robber is named, the piece representing him is sure to sink. It might be supposed that the certainty of failure in a multitude of instances, would at last have the inevitable effect of exposing the fallaciousness of the test; but the experience of all human nature proves that the frustration of such experiments is attended by no other result than that of fixing the delusion still more deeply. Such articles of belief do not depend upon the efficacy of trial, but upon the strength of faith; and failure, instead of endangering their credit, deepens the halo of superstition by which they are invested. A believer will believe anything rather than that "his faith is in the wrong;" and it is so easy to shift the responsibility of disappointment upon the blunders of manipulation, that he always has a convenient excuse at hand which will cover any imaginable dilemma, and even transform the most palpable defeat into a victory.

In the districts that lie upon the sea-shore, many of the popular superstitions are full of poetical beauty, and appeal forcibly to the imagination by the elegiac pathos with which they colour the actual circumstances of the people. Here the population consists chiefly of poor fishermen and their families, engaged incessantly in the most precarious of livelihoods, and living upon an iron-bound coast, where their perilous craft is consequently prosecuted at the risk of life itself. The solitude of these scenes is intense; and the tempests which brood over the waters, strewing the shore with wrecks through all seasons of the year, help to increase the gloom that acts so strongly even upon those who are accustomed to contemplate the sea under all its aspects. The frequent loss of husbands and sons, the roar of the waves, and the atmospheric effects which in such situations present so many strange illusions to the eye, are well calculated to work upon the terrors of the people, and supply them with melancholy fancies when they sit watching at midnight to catch the voices of their friends through the intervals of the storm. Their superstitions are generally shaped to this end; and phantoms and death-warnings are familiar to them all.

In the long winter nights when the fishermen's wives, whose husbands are out at sea, are scared from their uneasy sleep by the rising of the tempest, they listen breathlessly for certain sounds to which they attach a fatal meaning. If they hear a low and monotonous noise of waters, falling drop by drop at the foot of their bed, and find that it has not been caused by natural means, and that the floor is dry, is the unerring token of shipwreck. The sea has made them widows! This fearful superstition, we believe, is confined to the isle of Artz, where a still more striking phenomena is said to take place. Sometimes in the twilight, they say, large white women may be seen moving slowly from

the neighbouring islands, or the continent, over the sea, and seating themselves upon its borders. There they remain throughout the night, digging the sands with their naked feet, and stripping off between their fingers the leaves of rose-mary flowers culled upon the beach. These women, according to the tradition, are natives of the island, who, marrying strangers, and dying in their sins, have returned home to their beloved birthplace to beg the prayers of their friends. A great number of their superstitions turn upon this clinging love for the scenes of their youth.

It is a general opinion amongst them that a hurricane can never be appeased until the waves have rejected and flung upon the shore the dead bodies of heretics who perished by shipwreck, and all other unclean bodies. This is a fragment of the old Druidical worship: a dim recollection of that association of ideas held by the Celts as existing between the purity of the waters and the soul of man. The idea was originally derived, probably, from observation of the natural purifying process of the Alpine glaciers, which have a constant tendency to throw up to the sides the heaps of stones and mud they accumulate in their course.

There is a special day set apart for the anniversary of the shipwrecked dead, called the *Jour des Morts*. On this occasion the winds and waters are brought into active requisition to supply materials for the spectral drama. When the wind ripples the sea into wreaths of foam, the fishermen fancy they hear melancholy murmurs stealing over the waves, and behold the souls of the poor creatures who were wrecked rise upon the summits of the billows, and then in ghostly grief, pale and fugitive, melt away like froth. If one of these sad spirits happens to encounter the soul of some well-beloved friend, the air is filled with cries of despair at the first glance of recognition. Sometimes the fishermen, sitting in their hats at night, hear a strange and mysterious melange of sounds over the bay, now low and sweet, now loud and turbulent, now trembling, groaning, and whistling with the rising of the surge. These mixed clamours of cries and voices indicate the general meeting of the poor ghosts, at which it appears they hold a sort of marine *conversazione*, and diligently relate their histories to each other.

At the sea-side village of St. Gildas, the fishermen who lead evil lives are often disturbed at midnight by three knocks at their door from an invisible hand. They immediately get up, and impelled by some supernatural power, which they cannot resist, and dare not question, go down to the beach, where they find long black boats, apparently empty, yet sunk so deeply in the water as to be nearly level with it. The moment they enter, a large white sail streams out from the top of the mast, and the barque is carried out to sea with irresistible rapidity, never to be seen by mortal eyes again. The belief is that these boats are freighted with condemned souls, and that the fishermen are doomed to pilot them over the waste of waters until the day of judgment. This legend, like many others, is of Celtic origin, and is related by Procopius.

Such are a few of the salient superstitions of a people not yet embraced in the gridle of modern civilisation, who have derived none of their notions from books, and who realize in their living faith all those characteristics of Romance which we are too apt to believe, in our sober England, have long since passed out of the world. To the Breton, the elements of that Romance are part and parcel of his daily existence; he breathes the very atmosphere of the middle ages, which are not revived, but continued in him; and acts to the life the whole round of their enchantments, without being in the slightest degree conscious of the performance. How long the people are destined to preserve these peculiar attributes is a problem rapidly hastening towards solution. Two great railroads from Paris, the one stretching to Rouen, the capital of Normandy, and the other to Orleans, on the banks of the Loire—have just been thrown open. The railroad is the giant annihilator of old customs and provincial manners. The moment its fiery chariot touches the boundary line of Brittany, we may take our last look upon the Armorica of the ancients.

#### LOVE MAKING OF RICHELIEU.

The character and disposition of Cardinal Richelieu can be but imperfectly gathered from the clever play produced some seasons since at Covent Garden Theatre. Many persons, not very well versed in the memoirs of the Cardinal's day, and who, like our Marlborough, are apt to gather their knowledge of history from representations on the stage, take it for granted that Richelieu was always a man of despotic inclinations, iron resolve, crafty management, and instant action; that his prevailing motive was love for his country; and that his last consideration was regard for himself. Without discussing here the exactitude of this sketching, or contrasting it with the real character of the man, as shown to history, I may perhaps be allowed to add a touch or two which will contribute something to the general effect of the painting, without interfering with the parts already executed in the piece alluded to. When Richelieu was a younger man, and in the very plenitude of his power, he acted like the gallants of the court; and, as a man equal to every circumstance, and able to compete with all, engaged intrigues, and tried to win the affections of the reigning beauties of the day. But though similar to others in evincing an inclination for the fair sex, his system of making love was peculiar to himself. System is the word; for it was impossible to exhibit more regularity and method than the Cardinal employed in his *liaisons de cœur*. Richelieu made his attacks like a tactician and diplomatist. As a tactician, he paid court to three or four ladies at the same time, in order to be the more certain to conquer at least one; and his cleverness consisted in concealing from each his intentions respecting the rest. As a diplomatist, he submitted the ladies of his inclination to a series of little hypocritical proceedings, combined with great care beforehand, and arranged amidst his daily occupations, with all the care and order that a devotee could give to her times of prayer, or a master of the ceremonies to the arrangement of an entertainment. Often, too, in order to avoid confusion, he marked down in his tablets his various projects of gallantry, forming a curious list of his intentions, calculated to suit the character of each lady, and assigned each to its own place and time. Some of them are still in existence, and an extract may amuse the reader:—

"Monday.—To send a golden bracelet to Madame de Saure, who is so anxious to exhibit her pretty hand at the *dejeuner* of the Queen. Same day, at two, to pay a visit to the Comtesse de Marigny, her husband being engaged to hunt with the King: to relate to her the gallantries of the Marquis de Sade, who refuses her advances, and delights in the society of Madame de Namur. Thursday.—At the Queen's levee, to speak to the Duchesse de Soubise of the speedy execution of Biron, and to make her comprehend that on me alone it depends that her brother does not follow the same destiny. Sunday.—In going to the Palace Chapel, to instruct the gentleman in waiting to detain the Duke of Buckingham in the ante-chamber, in order that Anne of Austria may not remark his appearance at the time I am present."

The principal object of the Cardinal's attention had been for several months Anne of Austria, the Queen of France, the most strict, and probably one of the most ardently followed, of all the women who had the misfortune to take the



fancy of the terrible minister. As she was then exceedingly young, Richelieu, thought it most prudent to profess the purest and most chivalric attachment; and so well had he acted his part, that he was beginning to make some impression on the heart of the Queen, when a little incident at once revealed to her the duplicity of her saintly lover. It was one day, after a drawing room held at St. Germain's, when the ladies in attendance on the Queen had made their obeisance and withdrawn, that one of them returned to the door, and hesitated, as if afraid to enter. The Queen perceived the hesitation, and, with her habitual kindness, enquired, "Well, Madame de Salignac, have you any request to make?" The lady to whom the question was put was one of the most beautiful women at court, and was the wife of a Gascon gentleman, remarkable for elegance of manners and great personal attractions. She was honoured by Anne of Austria with particular notice, and had often, in favour of her friends, put to the proof that kindness which she was now obliged to employ for herself.

"Alas, Madame!" replied she, "your Majesty can alone save me from a grievous misfortune."

"What misfortune? speak."

"My husband," replied the supplicant, "has become an object of suspicion to Monsieur de Richelieu, without knowing for what reason, or under what pretext, and has since yesterday been confined in the Bastille, by an order of arrest signed by the King."

"Always signed by the King!" interrupted Anne of Austria. "This man would make the King sign anything—my death if he pleased, as he has already caused him to sign the exile of his unhappy mother! And yet," thought she with herself, "his heart is tender enough to love!" Then, after a moment's consideration she continued, "this arrest cannot be as serious as you imagine. Go to the Cardinal and demand an explanation. He will not refuse at your request."

"Would to heaven, Madame, that what your kind disposition suggests as probable, could take place! But you alone would speak thus of a minister who condemns so many without cause. I know that I must expect neither reparation nor indulgence from him."

"How! have you then seen him?"

"Twice Madame, but uselessly."

"Uselessly! Has he not even informed you of the cause of the Marquis de Salignac's imprisonment.... the reason of his arrest?"

"He did not inform me, Madame, but he has given me the most cruel reason to believe that I suspect it rightly...."

"Well, go on. Why do you hesitate?"

The lady did hesitate, and seemed each moment more at a loss. The colour mounted to her forehead, and her whole neck and face became scarlet. She looked first upon the Queen, and then let her eyes fall on the ground, and remained without speaking.

The Queen gazed at the confusion of the fair creature before her with something of astonishment. She waited a few moments to see if Madame de Salignac would speak, and then said kindly, "But you must relate all to me, else how can I intercede for you with the Cardinal?"

"Alas! Madame, do not think of doing so. Pardon me if I dare to affirm that no matter how great may be your Majesty's influence and authority, you can obtain nothing for me from this man. It is from the King alone that I request you to ask for my husband's liberty."

"My poor girl," said her mistress, "you forget that the King is nothing without M. de Richelieu, and that M. de Richelieu alone dispenses pardons, and he alone decides on condemnations."

"I hoped that you might obtain an exception for me, Madame. If this hope cannot be realised, I am lost—!" And as she pronounced the words, she let fall her head in her hands, and the tears, which she could no longer restrain, fell through her fingers on the floor. The Queen was touched at the intensity of her young friend's grief, and she again kindly encouraged her to speak. "Exaggerate neither your despair," she said, "nor your fears. Your husband cannot remain long in confinement. He is a loyal gentleman, and cannot have given just cause for this severity."

"On the contrary," said the lady, "he will probably die there, if the King does not interfere. The Cardinal has a particular motive for desiring his destruction."

"Learn then, once for all, that I must be informed of this motive of which you speak," said the Queen, who began to wonder at the hesitation of the Marquise.

"I dare not, even to your Majesty," was the reply. "If the Cardinal only suspect that I had spoken, the condemnation of my husband would be irrevocable."

Queens are but women when their curiosity is roused. Anne of Austria determined on finding out what this secret might be, particularly as some uneasiness and some vague presentiments were mingled with the desire she really felt to oblige her favourite attendant. She insisted then on an entire confidence, and promised that the confidence then made should be held inviolable.

"Know then, Madame," said, at last, the favourite, "that M. de Salignac is in prison.... because I remain faithful to him...."

"Because you are faithful...." cried the Queen, turning pale. "The Cardinal then has made love to you!...."

"For three months he has not let a day pass without telling me so, either in person or by letter."

"Three months!" repeated Anne of Austria, with a bitter smile. It was precisely from that period that the smooth-tongued Cardinal had not ceased to swear to her that she alone was the object of his adoration. Fortunately for herself, she had never given him any decided encouragement, so that anger more than jealousy was the prevailing passion which agitated her breast on hearing of his duplicity. It was, then, under the influence of this latter passion that she commanded Madame de Salignac to proceed.

"Yes," continued that lady, raising herself disdainfully as she spoke—"for three months the Cardinal has tormented me with his protestations of love. Though he has been repulsed twenty times, he has not been a single moment discouraged; and the day before yesterday he intimated his intention of speaking to me alone, having taken care to give my husband an important mission for the same day to Fontainebleau. I asked as a favour from the Marquis that he should execute his task at dawn of day, so that when the Cardinal called he found my husband with me, and his mission executed. I saw fury in his eye as he spoke of the indifferent matters of the day, and I expected some revenge, though nothing of so serious a character as the imprisonment of my husband. Alas, he must remain at the Bastille as long as my fidelity to my marriage vow shall offend his Eminence."

"Your husband shall be free, and you shall remain faithful to your vow," cried the Queen, stung to the quick by the insult offered to herself. "Return to me to-morrow at this hour, and you shall have satisfaction for the injustice done to your husband, as if the arrest was an outrage on myself."

"Ah! I recognise your Majesty's accustomed goodness in such words," said the lady, kissing the hands of her mistress. "I leave my fate with confidence to your keeping."

Madame de Salignac retired, well pleased at the success of her mission, whilst Anne of Austria entered into the state apartments, seeking, with an angry eye, the Cardinal minister.

In front of the troop of courtiers who usually paid court to the Cardinal, though altogether separated from them, the Queen perceived him standing behind the seat which she usually occupied—at the place where, day after day, he gave utterance to his stimulated tenderness. She concealed her emotion, and advanced with as gentle and composed an aspect as she could command. The moment she had taken her seat the Cardinal commenced his protestations, which the Queen listened to with a more attentive ear than she generally seemed to lend to such expressions. Richelieu became the bolder in consequence. "How is the precious health of the angel I adore?" asked he, bending familiarly over the chair. This was the expression—the discreet and emblematical paraphrase\* by which Richelieu was accustomed to address Anne of Austria, Queen of France. In the verses and the prose which he privately addressed to her, he never used any other name; and, in addition to the boldness which it lent to his mode of speaking to her, it offered the great advantage of allowing him to speak before others. The Queen this day smiled kindly on the Cardinal as he uttered the accustomed words, and he went on more boldly, intoxicated with the favour shown him. Never was there a passion so pure, so unalterable, so devoted, so eternal, as his—never was woman loved so truly. To all the Queen listened without exhibiting any appearance of displeasure, so that the Cardinal at last asked the favour of a *private audience*. This demand he had previously hinted at, but to-day he boldly asked it in good set terms, and was pressing for an answer. The Queen, however, not having vouchsafed any reply to this modest proposal, the Cardinal took it into his head that modesty alone could prevent a reply in the affirmative. He therefore ventured to suggest, that perhaps the Queen would deign to favour him with an answer in writing to that which her royal lips seemed unwillingly to reply. He thought he could perceive in the Queen's glance a favourable reception of his advice, and he was on the point of departing, elated with his triumph, when the Queen detained him by a familiar gesture.

"Speaking of favours," Monsieur le Cardinal," said she, with a carelessness admirably assumed, "I understand that you have conferred on the Marquis of Salignac the favour of lodging him in the Bastille at the King's expense. What could this poor gentleman have done to merit such attention on the part of your Eminence?"

"Reasons of state," replied Richelieu, with an important air.

"Quite right," said the Queen. "However, I am really grieved at it."

"Grieved, Madame!.... And why so?"

"Oh! because I was thinking of him for a certain mission, which this *embastillement*† will prevent being carried into effect. Besides, it deprives me of the pleasure of being under a small obligation to you."

"Say rather that it deprives me of the happiness of being of service to you," replied the Cardinal, who at the moment would have thrust his hand in the fire to please Anne of Austria. "But, Madame, have the kindness to inform me what your Majesty was intending to do for the Marquis de Salignac?"

"Oh! it is useless to speak of it now," said the Queen negligently, "since I cannot ask you the favour I wished."

"If your Majesty would do me the favour to speak," insisted Richelieu. "What would I not do for the angel I adore!"

"Well," said the lady, agitating her fan with perfect nonchalance, "if you must know it, learn that I was simply thinking that Salignac's handsome figure would do us credit to the embassy which sets out for Italy the day after to-morrow."

"Undoubtedly," said the Cardinal, with some bitterness, "the Marquis is a personable man, and a noble horseman; but I thought," added he, artfully, "that your Majesty was exceedingly fond of the company of his wife!"

"And so I am. Madame de Salignac is one of the most precious ornaments of my court."

"Such is the opinion of many, and I am astonished that you could resolve to part with this most precious ornament of your court, as you call her, for it is probable that she would accompany her husband to Rome."

"That is by no means so certain, Cardinal," said the Queen, dissimulating her anger; "it would suit me better if the Marquise remained at Paris."

"Oh!" said Richelieu, agreeably surprised. To send the husband away and keep the wife at Paris, and that, without irritating or displeasing either! The gallant tactician, in the first moment of his revenge, had never thought of so simple a plan, and it was the first time in his life that his genius for plotting received a lesson. Deeming that it proceeded quite involuntarily from the Queen, he determined to adopt it, and he pretended to reflect profoundly on the possibility of satisfying the wishes of Anne of Austria.

"Well, is it possible to get over this *embastillement*?" demanded she.

"I think it may be done," was the answer.

"Such a service would touch me to the heart," replied the Queen, in a tender tone.

"Has my life any other aim," sighed forth Richelieu. "Salignac is more dangerous than culpable. To send him to Rome is the same as to change his imprisonment into exile. He shall go, Madame, and this very evening you shall receive both his pardon and his appointment."

"My sense of your kindness shall be speedily shown," said the Queen, with earnestness.

"And will you send it to me written with your royal hand?" asked in a low voice the Minister, alluding to his own request.

"Written with my own hand," said the Queen, holding it forth. The Cardinal respectfully touched it with his lips, and stood bent to the ground until the Queen had disappeared.

A few hours after Anne of Austria received the order of release for the Marquis de Salignac, and his commission as *attaché* to the Italian embassy, all duly signed by the King in the customary manner. Richelieu was not made to wait for his recompense, for the same evening he received the following note:—"The angel that you adore will be to-morrow at two o'clock in the Queen's apartment, where she will thank you in person in a private audience."

The Cardinal immediately wrote on his tablets:—"To-morrow at noon to give notice to the chamberlain on service to prevent the King from going to the Queen's apartment from two o'clock to four. At one o'clock toilet for the Court complete, taking care to omit all parts of my dress which can call to mind the sacerdotal character. Not to forget to perfume my hair with the Arabian essence that Anne of Austria is so fond of. On leaving the Queen's apartments,

\* Consult *Lettres de M. Costat*, page 67, and *L'historiette de Richelieu*, in *Tallemant des Reaux*.

† This word was French at the period the tale refers to, so common was it to imprison persons in the Bastille.



to pass to the King's gallery, in order to see Madame de Salignac, and prove to her that I had no hand in the arrest of her husband, that I could not speak to her fully on the subject yesterday, and that it is to me that his appointment is to be attributed.—Mem. Not to make the slightest allusion to love matters; but to effect the most entire disinterestedness, to assume even an air of injured innocence, and appear before her as altogether devoted to her slightest will."

The Cardinal passed the night in dreaming of angels, and awaited the hour of the royal rendezvous with palpitations of the heart. On entering the next day at the appointed hour the Queen's apartment, Richelieu was much surprised at finding it empty; but his surprise was changed into a more uneasy feeling when he saw Madame de Salignac make her appearance.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, anticipating some cruel mystification.

"Monseigneur," said the lady, "the Queen has just informed me of the signal favour for which I am indebted to you, and has authorised me to return you thanks here, at the same time that she offers you her own expressions of gratitude for your kindness."

She placed at the same time in the Cardinal's hand a sealed note, which he perused with mingled vexation and shame. It was couched in these terms:—"I promised you a private audience with the angel you adore. So if I do not keep my word . . . . When I became acquainted with your other love-makings, I will again render you a similar service, Monseigneur!—Do not dare to seek how I became acquainted with the just value of your fine protestations! Be sure of this only, that Madame de Salignac is in no way my accomplice; her presenting you this note without hesitation is proof enough of what I assert. As to the figure you make at this moment, just reflect on it, for I both observe and hear you from no great distance!" In fact, Richelieu could see by a single glance that the Queen had placed herself behind one of the pieces of tapestry which lined the apartment, and by another he at once became certain that Madame de Salignac was nothing more than an instrument in the hands of her mistress. The sincere thanks of the young wife did not leave room for the smallest doubt, and the Cardinal was obliged to listen with an appearance of politeness, until she spoke of the departure of her husband. He then broke up the interview and left the room. The Queen came forth the moment after, and related to the Marquise for the first time the whole of the plot. Knowing the open disposition of her young friend, she had feared to tell her the real state of the matter, and had merely informed her that the pardon of her husband was a reparation on the part of Richelieu. Madame de Salignac, aware at last of the whole truth, was the more indignant against the Cardinal, because she had for a moment been weak enough to suppose him capable of a generous action. Richelieu made many a vain attempt during the day to obtain the revocation of the King's order given the day before. But Anne of Austria took care to bind to her will the hand of Louis XIII. for four and twenty hours; and the Marquis de Salignac, in the enjoyment of liberty and vengeance, departed joyously with his wife for Italy.

The Queen remained behind, exposed to the resentment of the Minister, who, as is well known, persecuted to the moment of her death her who was principally concerned in this love-making of Richelieu.

#### THE REAL NATURE OF THE DISEASE UNDER WHICH NAPOLEON DIED IN ST. HELENA.

Being in St. Helena at the time of this great historical event, I am enabled to give my testimony to the true cause of the disease, and to its medical and physiological nature. Much anxiety was felt at the time to ascertain the disease of which Bonaparte died. Mr. O'Meara had represented the liver as the faulty organ, and this had been echoed by Antommarchi; though, as was said before, the illustrious sufferer himself, with better judgment, referred the mischief to the stomach as its seat and source; and, as the event proved, his feelings did not deceive him, and he was perfectly right. This organ was found most extensively disorganised; in fact, it was ulcerated all over like a honey-comb. The focus of the disease was exactly the spot pointed out by Napoleon—the pylorus, or lower end, where the intestines begin. At this place I put my finger into a hole made by an ulcer that had eaten through the stomach, but which was stopped by a slight adhesion to the adjacent liver. After all, the liver was found free from disease, and every organ was sound except the stomach. Several peculiarities were noticed about the body. He appeared at one time to have had an issue opened in the arm; and there was a slight mark, like the scar of a wound, in the leg. The chest was not ample; and there was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet. The head was large in proportion to the body, with a fine, massy, capacious forehead. In other respects, there were no remarkable developments for the gratification of the phrenologists. The diseased state of the stomach being demonstrably the cause of death, Antommarchi was about to put his name to the bulletin that was published at the time to this effect, when he was called aside by Bertrand and Montholon; and, after a conference with them, declined signing; the reason being, no doubt, that such proceeding on his part would contradict and vitiate the diagnosis of O'Meara as to disease of the liver. With the object of supporting the latter, and also of throwing odium indirectly on the British government, the death of the emperor was attributed by Dr. Antommarchi to gastrohepatitis, which was said to be an endemic disease of the island. Now I will broadly assert, as the result of a longer residence on the island and better opportunities of knowing its pathology, that we had no such disease, nor any other distinctive endemic disease, in St. Helena. We had some rare instances of hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, amongst the soldiers when much exposed to the sun in the valley of James's Town; but not one twentieth part of the number we used to have in India. At night, too, from wet and exposure, the men would contract diarrhoea, and occasionally dysentery; but the officers, who were less exposed to fatigue and lived more generously than the men, were fully as healthy as they would have been in England. Indeed, few regiments of our strength, with an average of between 30 or 40 officers, would pass nearly five years without losing one by disease in England, or any part of the world; and yet this was our case in St. Helena. The body of the diseased emperor lay in state all the 7th of May in full military costume, during which time almost every respectable person in the island paid Longwood a visit. It had previously been carefully embalmed; and the efficacy of the process in its antiseptic powers has been lately proved by the remarkable preservation of the corpse when raised by the Prince de Joinville to be carried to France. On the morning of the 8th of May a'l the garrison, the governor and admiral with their staff, the foreign commissioners, a great number of naval officers, many ladies and gentlemen, and half the population of St. Helena, attended the funeral. When the hearse bearing the body came to a point whence there was only a footpath down to the grave, the coffin was removed from it, and carried to the willow-trees at the bottom on the shoulders of twelve grenadiers of the 20th and twelve of the 66th Regiments.

Two Protestant clergymen attended, as well as the Abbé Vignali, but only the latter officiated. After the funeral-service the body was deposited in the grave; the heart being sealed up in a silver vessel, full of alcohol, and put in the coffin. A signal was then made, and three salvos of 15 guns and three volleys of musketry from a line of three regiments, grandly reverberated in a succession of fine echoes from the hills and ravines, sounded the requiem of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was truly a spectacle of extraordinary and intense interest. There lay the corpse of him whose nod had long swayed the destiny of nations, the conqueror of a hundred battles, the creator of kings and princes, the legislator, the hero of the age; there he lay, borne to his narrow home in the course of the most righteous retribution, not with imperial pomp, over roads palled with sable escutcheons, but carried along a goat-path by the soldiers of that great nation which he had hated all his life with rancorous bitterness, that had stood sternly in his path to universal empire, and whose prostration and ruin it had been the unrelenting purpose of his heart and the chief aim of his life to accomplish; there moved his body, borne by British grenadiers, whilst the golden letters of "Minden," and "Alavera," and "Albuera," and "the Pyrenees," "Orthes," flaunted over it from the colours in strange mockery as it passed; there it slowly moved, to be buried in an obscure but appropriate nook, the crater of an extinct volcano, on a dreary rock, amidst an immeasurable wilderness of ocean, without cenotaph or mausoleum, and even beneath a nameless tomb.

From Henry's "Events of a Military Life."

#### THE SOUL IN PURGATORY; OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

The angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High; but the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah—only far in the depths of heaven they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over creation) was heard saying, "Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered, "There are in that place which men call Purgatory, which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the voice answered, "Thy prayer is heard, O gentlest of the angels! and it seems good to him who chastises but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God; and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, flew to that melancholy orb, which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shriek of souls that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings who, fresh from the mountains of immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amidst their torments, and makes the true difference between purgatory and hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demons ceased to torture, and the victims to wail. As sleep to the mourners of the earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star: only one voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry,

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till its most skilful melodies were exhausted; but still the solitary voice, unheeding, unconscious even of the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out,

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by. And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said in a voice which stilled her cry—for in what state do we outlive sympathy?—"Wherefore, O daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh, radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him," replied the spirit simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of Heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried, "Give me, O give me to return to earth, but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes—for angels may not weep in the sight of others. "I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty; for the souls in purgatory may return to earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah! surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, O celestial visitant! that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim—no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far-distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye, and heard the voice of the Eternal One bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that loosens the bars of the gate of purgatory, and lo! the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the lord of Adenheim, and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh and the merry jest that echoed



round, and the laugh and the jest of the lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all; and by his right side sate a beautiful lady, and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And, oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what ladye can believe? Didst thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love to Ida, the fair daughter of Laden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice. Ida!—nay, thou mockest me!—I love the daughter of Laden! Why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles,—behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment the lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to purgatory.

"Did the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there seems to me but little terrible in a thousand years of purgatory!"

### THE POET'S PATH.

The poet's path of old, it passed  
By Grecian grove and hill;  
And through the wrecks of war and time  
We trace its splendour still;  
For there the ancient temples rose,  
As at the thrilling call  
Of that Egyptian wanderer's lyre  
Arose the Theban wall.

And since o'er many a distant shore  
That starry path hath shone,  
For gleaming through the Polar night,  
It cheered the frozen zone;  
The old Crusaders saw it shine  
Through realms of Eastern bloom,  
And the wanderers of the Western woods  
Amid their leafy gloom.

But, like the ocean-doomed, who sought  
The happy isles of yore,  
The feet that seek that pleasant path  
May turn aside no more;  
For tuneful lips that once have quaffed  
The bright Castalian rill,  
Though never more they taste the wave,  
Will wander by it still.

As he who traversed lands of old\*—  
The glorious and unknown—  
Returned at last in age to be  
A stranger in his own;  
So hearts that early leave the dust,  
That upward path to share,  
Forgotten lose their hold of earth,  
And seem but strangers there.

But oh! what glorious visions shine,  
What lovely scenes arise,  
Around that mystic path, to win  
From earth the pilgrim's eyes!  
Though ever seen through thorny brakes,  
Or wastes of trackless sand,  
As Israel from the wilderness  
Beheld his promised land.

Long, long, the early Muse hath left  
Her own, her Grecian isles;  
And long the Runic harp is hushed  
Among the Northern wilds;  
And o'er the poet's path a flood  
Of time and tears hath swept;  
But still 'tis all of Eden which  
Our fallen world hath kept.

Sept. 3.

FRANCES BROWN.

### THE LAST OF THE CARBONARI.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

The high dignitaries sat at their large wooden blocks; on these lay the crown of thorns, the nails, the cup, all the mystic emblems of the redemption of mankind. The tapers burnt dimly before the crucifix. The image of St. Theobald frowned grimly from the wall. The master of the ceremonies struck thrice with his axe on the massive desk before him. The masters sat on the right, the apprentices were ranged on the left, and the Grand Master was covered.

The latter was a priest, he was the prior of the Benedictines at Modena, and the grand lodge, or *Alta Vendita*, was held in a gloomy cell under the subterranean vaults of his monastery.

Father Romualdo was a stern-looking man. There was in the marble brow, in the thin livid lips of the friar as he sat there enthroned, a steadfast rigidity, a blank austerity, such as might well baffle the skill of the most searching eye. It seemed as if the facial nerves had been purposely severed or bound so as to deaden all sense and cut off all communication between the inward and the outward man.

Father Romualdo was, in fact, but vaguely known in the world. Belonging to an order since time immemorial conspicuous for liberal tastes and classical learning, the prior enjoyed the greatest reputation as a scholar within and without the walls of his convent. He was considered an ambitious man. He was

\* Marco Paolo.

called a hypocrite, an unbeliever, a fanatic, a voluptuary—inconsistent and contradictory charges. The fact is that few men could boast having obtained even the most transient insight into his thoughts. In the gayest circles in which the comparatively mild rules of his order occasionally allowed him to mingle, his appearance was an object of ill-disguised dread and aversion, and the most buoyant spirits sank helpless and lifeless, paralyzed by his forbidding appearance.

But the Carbonari knew, revered, and trusted him. With a priest's inquisitive sagacity, the wary monk had spied them; he had tracked them out from the very beginning of their operations. He had held out his hands, he had joined them; the ascendancy of his mighty intellect had raised him to the supreme dignities, and their mysterious rites were now celebrated under his presidency, within the walls of his cloistered residence, under the inviolable shade of the sanctuary.

It was in 1821, a year of gloom and consternation in Italy. The insurrections of Naples and Turin had been stifled in blood. The secret conspiracies of those two provinces were traced up to the neighbouring states. Proscriptions commenced at Modena as well as at Milan, Florence, and Rome. Arrests and desertion thinned the Carbonari ranks, and the few who at the prior's bidding met at the convent of St. Gervasio, bore on their pale countenances the marks of terror and dismay.

But father Romualdo was calm and secure. His dark, steady eye, rested successively on the face of every person assembled, and when at last he spoke, his unflinching voice sounded as full, solemn, and commanding as it ever did from the pulpit when it denounced the wrath of Heaven against the crimes of mankind.

"Hear me, dear and good cousins. We are here assembled, perhaps for the last time. The good cause in which we enlisted succumbs under the strokes of resistless tyranny. Our bond of holy brotherhood is for the moment dissolved. Let every one provide for his safety; only, before we part—before base instinct of self-preservation estranges us from each other, we have a sacred, a sad, a terrible duty to fulfil. Many of our good cousins have been thrown into the dungeons of the citadel. None of the remaining few ever seek their pillows without shuddering at the *reveille* that may await them on the morrow. Hitherto we were at a loss how to account for the suddenness of the enemy's movements, for the unerring aim with which the shafts of his vengeance were levelled at us. But now the source of our desolation is revealed. The author of our disasters is known. It is hard for me to avow it. It pains me more grievously than if I saw one half of our brethren ascending the scaffold. But God himself, whose crucified image stands before me, found a false friend among his chosen twelve. Even so we have a traitor amongst us. Vincenzo Besini—he who only a fortnight ago, sat here, a brother, a master amongst the highest of us—Besini, it has been averred beyond the least shade of doubt—had repeated audiences of the duke. Here is the evening Gazette reporting his appointment to the directorship of the police."

This information occasioned a general movement of surprise.

"Brethren," continued the formidable friar, "what say you!—shall we suffer this Judas to enjoy in peace the price of blood. You do not forget the words of the awful oath by which we are bound to our sect. Our dastardly betrayer himself is well aware of the retribution with which each of his associates has sworn to visit all apostasy. He has voluntarily joined us, voluntarily acknowledged the authority of our unrelenting jurisdiction, voluntarily entered into our mutual compact of self-defence, laid down his life as a pledge of his honour and truth. From the first moment of his cowardly defection he knew that the dagger stood lifted up against his perjured breast, and he only flattered himself that sheer terror or impotence would stay the avenging stroke. Now is the time for decision. A heartless renegade is selling us to a relentless tyrant. Vincenzo Besini holds our lives and those of our imprisoned brethren in his hands. Can he thus have our fate in his keeping and live! Again: resort to the words of our oath. What becomes of him that reveals our secret proceedings, and betrays his sacred engagement?"

"He dies!" cried more than one voice from the master's bench.

"You have said it," exclaimed the cowed president, solemnly. "His sentence is implied in the very words of our unalterable statutes. Yet if any of our good cousins can allege only one word in refutation, or even in extenuation of his guilt, we are prepared to hear him."

An ominous silence reigned over the awe-stricken assembly.

"Odoardo Besini withdraw," said the grand master, turning towards a gray-haired mild looking man, seated on his right hand, at the head of the master's bench, "your feelings towards your elder brother disqualify you from sitting among his judges."

"I am a Carbonaro here, and no brother," answered the patriot, firmly. "I claim my right to vote with the rest of my cousins."

The secret suffrages were collected, and sentence of death was unanimously pronounced.

"By the terms of our regulations," said the president, "the judgment having emanated from the supreme councils of the masters, the execution devolves upon some of the junior members of the community. Let such of the apprentices as feel inclined to volunteer their services for the good cause step forward."

The apprentices rose simultaneously, and crowded up to the grand master's chair. Lots were drawn, and the choice fell upon one Rodrigo Morandi.

This young Carbonaro answered but little to that dusky representation of an Italian hero with which the readers of English novels and annuals are generally familiarized. The purest Lombard blood flowed in his veins, the blood of that high-mettled Teutonic race which started from the left bank of the Elbe on their way to the conquest of Italy, at the epoch that their Saxon kinsmen abandoned their homes on the right shore of the same river bound to the invasion of Britain.

Imagine a tall, commanding figure, a severe brow, a calm, intense look, a set of handsome, but even in the prime of life, stern, hard-chiselled features. Never was there a more sublime personification of manly pride. He was scarcely in his twentieth year, but his face and figure had already received all the early development of a southern climate. The colouring of his cheeks was slightly bronzed, but the fair complexion of his pale forehead, his hands, and what was to be seen of his neck, could hardly be matched, even in England. Lip and chin, and all his face, were shaven bare and smooth, while his light hazel hair, sleek and glossy, rather effeminately parted on the forehead, fell with a graceful bend on his shoulders.

Of his eyes it was not easy to ascertain the real colour—rather inclined to gray than blue; the orbs were full, fresh, and wakeful, as if weariness and sleep never weighed on their lids, they glared forth with a firm but vacant stare, as if in pursuit of some unsubstantial object, far off, somewhere in endless space.

Rodrigo Morandi belonged to an ancient but decayed family. He was a me



dical student at the university. He studied long and deep. He was reserved in his manners and pensive, and with the exception of very few intimate friends, he shunned the haunts and converse of men. He seldom spoke, and whenever he did it was always in a concise, sententious, and almost caustic tone. He had been recently admitted among the junior members of the formidable brotherhood over which father Romualdo presided. The earnestness of his temperament, and the well-known warmth of his patriotism had won him an admittance among the apprentices even before he had attained the legal age which could entitle him to enter the lodge; so that he was, in fact, the very youngest man that was ever initiated into the mysteries of Carbonarism.

Some of his friends remonstrated against the imprudence of charging an inexperienced youth with a mission fraught with such difficulties and dangers. Two of the eldest apprentices, Zoccoli and Ponzone volunteered to take it upon themselves, but Morandi remained inflexible. He repeated that since Providence had chosen him as an instrument of its eternal designs, it could not fail to support and strengthen him in the hour of trial.

We will spare our readers the description of the awful ceremonies by which the young candidate for homicide was prepared for his atrocious deed—the libations of human blood, the consecration of the avenging stiletto, the new and more appalling oath by which he devoted himself to the interests of his sect. The veil of mystery which hung over these mystic proceedings has been long torn asunder, and the secret rites of the Carbonari have been found to differ rather in purpose than in form from those of the free-masons, which are now, as every one knows, reduced to empty talk and substantial suppers.

May the clemency of an all-righteous God look mercifully on human transgressions, for here we have a premeditated deed of bloodshed, an assassination undertaken in open defiance of all divine and human laws, by a youth than whom there seldom was a more upright and generous character, and in obedience to orders issued by a body of men to whom a whole town looked up as their best and wisest citizens.

How far the prior's arguments may be considered sound and equitable—how far the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances may go to render murder an excusable, unavoidable, and even meritorious act, Heaven forbid that we should ever take upon ourselves to decide. Since the light of the gospel dawned upon the benighted earth, the exploits of Harmodius, Timoleon, Brutus, and other tyrannicides as well as suicides of antiquity, have been considered only as deductions of pagan heroism, and looked upon as any thing but enviable or imitable examples.

In modern Italy the Pazzi, the Olgiati, the murderers of Alessandro de Medici, Pier Luigi Farnese, and a hundred others, were either not actuated by the purest motives or their justification rests exclusively on their success. William Tell is the only Christian hero whose premeditated act received the unqualified absolution of posterity, and, in his case, the unanswerable plea of self-defence has been, somewhat gratuitously, urged forward in his exculpation. The same argument operated with equal force in favour of the *ehmgerichte* of the Modenese Carbonari. With them also it was a case of *mors tua vita mea*, and if men were under any circumstances permitted to provide for their own safety by all the means in their power, we only wonder why the conspirators did not aim their strokes higher, and attempt the life of the tyrant instead of that of his worthless favourite.

Heaven forbid, we repeat, that these pages should be construed into an apology for secret societies and treasonable conspiracies, or that we should be supposed to give our sanction to the opinions of rash patriots who would deal with a despot as with a wild beast, and crush a traitor as they would a snake. Political murders, as well as duels and wars, are incompatible with the meek spirit of Christianity.

It is, however, but too easy for us, blessed as we are with our parliament, our jury, our rights of petition, our unbounded freedom of opinion, to moralize on the excesses to which people deprived of any other means of redress, may be driven by despair. We appeal to the intelligent traveller who has had leisure and inclination to look into the political organization of distracted Italy, whether under the infliction of some of the minor vexations of that vile police, he did not feel almost as dark a Carbonaro as ever burnt charcoal on the Apennines, and whether, had it been in his power, he would not have helped to overthrow a state of things so much more degrading, so much more unsafe and lawless than the most riotous anarchy.

On the main balcony of one of the loftiest palaces in the *piazza di Corte* there stood Irene Rangoni and Rodrigo Morandi. Irene was the youngest daughter of the noblest and wealthiest Modenese family, but notwithstanding their wide disparity of rank, the two young persons had been, on the plea of near relationship, brought up together with a degree of familiarity rare in Italy among the youth of different sex.

Irene was only a twelvemonth younger than her cousin. Congeniality of tastes and pursuits had, in their adolescence, made them indivisible. Irene was also a student. She possessed, in common with her cousin, that premature meditativeness, that deep sensibility, which under powerful excitement is so easily roused into dangerous enthusiasm, or deepened into wasting melancholy.

This fatal exuberance of acute and morbid feelings, preying rapidly on a constitution otherwise sound and healthful, is by no means uncommon in Italy.

The affections of Irene Rangoni were all centered on her wayward and unsettled cousin. Related to him in a degree which, in a Catholic country, allowed no warmer feelings, she fancied she loved him only as a brother. His eccentric habits, his pensive, uncommunicative sternness, and even his occasional fits of irritability, kept on the stretch all the faculties of the companion of his juvenile studies, who in her assiduous endeavours to please him, hardly thought all her boundless, woman-like devotion commensurate with the happiness that the mere sight of his countenance conferred upon her.

His presence was warmth and sunshine to her heart. It is true that her cousin's mind had become, of late, a sealed book to her. It was evident that, however touched by her more than sisterly kindness, and willing to reciprocate it, he deemed her too innocent and pure a being to be trusted with his secret and terrible intents. She perceived this—but that very inaccessibility, her very consciousness of unworthiness to commune with his vast and aspiring intellect increased the idolatrous veneration of the enthusiastic maiden, and gave her attachment a tinge of that vague, shrinking awe, which in those of her sex is very often blended with the most expansive affections.

For the last few weeks the terrors of distracted Carbonarism had estranged Morandi from her. The half-greeting, half-chiding tenderness of her beaming countenance, contrasted strangely with the abstract and ominous look of the designing conspirator. She followed him to the balcony, where he had stationed himself with his face buried in his hands, gazing on the opposite facade of the ducal palace.

"Step into my bower, good Rodrigo," said she, gently laying hold of his

arm, "why would you tarry on this glaring balcony! Come, we must rehearse the parting scene between Raimondo and Bianca, in the 'Congiura de Pazzi.'"

"We have had already too many rehearsals, my child; the day of performance is at hand."

"Why do you turn your eyes from your own Irene? Why do you look so intensely on yon marble palace? It is as hateful to me as to you. Have I not loathed tyranny ever since I began reading Alfieri with you? Have you not taught me how great, how glorious, how miserable is this Italy, which I learnt from you to call my country—oh, rejoice with me, cousin! Next week my father takes us all to Scandiano. There is no court there, no duke, or any of his satellites. There are only our vine-clad hills, our pine groves around, and God's own blue canopy of heaven above us."

"Tyranny, like the Divinity, is omnipresent."

"We will take our books, our drawings, our harp with us to the country. Cousin Rodrigo will join us. Oh, by the way, I believe I can sing you that patriotic air which my brother sent me from Naples,—come, it is a Carbonari song. I should be arrested, you know, if they heard me sing it. Therefore do I love to sing it."

As she said this the affectionate girl, adding a gentle violence to her words, pulled her cousin by the hem of his coat, endeavouring to draw him from the window. The coat burst open, and a dagger fell at her feet. It was the same weapon the young assassin had received from father Romualdo, at the Carbonari lodge on the previous evening. Morandi hastened to hide it by laying his right foot upon it.

"A stiletto!" exclaimed the terrified damsel. "Do you, Rodrigo Morandi—you, a scholar and a gentleman, wear a knife like every vulgar bravo who may need that treacherous instrument to settle his drunken brawls! That weapon for which our nation, you told me yourself, is branded by foreigners as a race of dastardly cut-throats!"

"The sword is taken from us: the dagger is the slave's only resource."

"Give me that weapon. Some awful design is in your mind, and I must be blind not to read it in your countenance. Great God! Morandi you are unwell. Cold drops are oozing from your forehead. Your eyes seem ready to start from their sockets. Heavens! what terrific object is in sight! What are you staring so wildly at? Why that is only the Signor Vincenzo Besini."

"The man I wanted."

Vincenzo Besini emerged from the lofty portico in front of the magnificent marble palace, built by the last princes of the declining house of Este. The peals of the *Ave Maria* had not yet announced the setting of the sun. It was broad daylight, and the Piazza di Corte, as well as the adjoining streets, were still swarming with people. Besini was walking leisurely home from the palace where he had one of his daily conferences with the duke. He walked arm in arm with one of the minor commissaries of the police, all absorbed in deep conversation. His former friends stared at him as they passed without answering his salutations. The people of the lowest classes gave way before him, bowing in silence, and casting their eyes to the ground, then stopped to look after him, muttering a curse between their teeth. He wore on his breast the decoration with which his grateful sovereign had rewarded his treason. This Cavalier Besini, director of the police, and in consequence of this dignity, Prime Minister of a state in which that body embraces all legislative and executive power, this unhappy man who had bartered body and soul for these detested honours—was an old man with one foot in the grave. He was bald and thin, and had been long seen walking with an unsteady tread, as if bent by years and infirmities; but now he strove to raise himself to his full height, and returned the homage of the crowd with a haughty smile of condescension as a man who knew he owed those servile demonstrations to the dread he inspired, and rejoiced in the hatred of his fellow-beings.

"Look well to your business, Frega," he whispered to his companion. "Take your smartest men with you, and cheer them with the prospect of a handsome reward. Father Romualdo will be at his post, and the whole covey may be found snug in their nest."

"Leave it to me, my lord."

"Ay, ay, you are a jewel for such a job, His Royal Highness told me. He! he! he!" chuckled the old sinner, with a fiendish glee. "How foolish they all will look! I wish it were consistent with my dignity to head the expedition. I wish I could witness the blanched cheeks and the dropping jaw of that arch-fox of a priest.—A little management, as I said to his highness, and we will outwit them. Those blunderers at Parma and Bologna have made a sad mess of it. They have shaken the charcoal-bag, raised a cloud of dust, and are only laughed at for their trouble. But we hold them. From the first to the last they are in our power. See if we let only one slip through our fingers."

Thus conversing, the director and his subaltern officer had turned the corner of the Rangoni Palace. The last words had scarcely escaped Besini's lips, when a man came rushing on the well-watched pair with the swiftness of lightning. The impetus of his onset threw the ill-balanced commissary flat on the ground. With his left hand the aggressor grasped the throat of the new minister, whilst with his right he buried a dagger in his bosom. A shriek was heard from one of the balconies of the Rangoni Palace, and a female was seen falling insensible on the marble floor. Ere any one had so far recovered from his surprise as to be aware of what had happened, the assassin darted through the crowd, and was soon out of sight.

The unfortunate minister of the police (I leave surgeons to account for the fact as they can), stepped forward three or four paces, then turned round and stooped to help his companion, who lay still stunned and bewildered on the pavement.

"Look," said he, with great coldness, pointing to the handle of the murderous weapon that stood stuck upon his breast, close to the knightly ribbon, but from which not a drop of blood was seen to trickle out. "Look how they have served me!"

The crowd gathered round; but the director continued his walk without leaning on his friend, and refusing the assistance of the most officious bystanders. He yawned and stared, but neither staggered nor fainted.

"Let his royal highness look well to himself," said he. "Who ever heard of such an abominable trick! In full daylight too—and look! In sight of the Holy Virgin of the Seven Sorrows!—Jesus Maria! Dr. Pilat," he added, turning to a surgeon he met on his homeward progress, "I am glad to see you. There is a little job for you, you see. Oh! for a quarter of an hour's interview with His Highness!"

Thus he continued talking somewhat incoherently, but always with the greatest volubility, proceeding steadily till he reached the door of his house; his friend and the doctor alone following him up stairs. He threw himself on a sofa completely exhausted; his cheeks were deadly pale; his eyes haggard and wild; not a drop of blood issued from the wound, but it was plain death was busy at his heart.



The last wish of the dying wretch was complied with. Four ducal dragoons with drawn broadswords dispersed the crowd by which the street-door was besieged; and behind them, alone, on foot, almost in immediate contact with the populace, arrived Francis IV., the Austrian heir of the House of Este, Duke of Modena.

This valiant, firm, enlightened, plausible prince, who, with a territory of a few hundred square miles, and somewhat less than half a million of subjects, with an army of twelve hundred infantry, and a park of four pieces of artillery, has bearded the most colossal powers of Europe, refused to acknowledge the King of the Barricades, and by his exactions, virtually banished the English from his states—this sagacious despot before whom the Modenese population (an anomaly to all the rest of Europe), melts and dwindles amidst the prosperity of flourishing peace—this consistent autocrat, whom the French newspapers magnify into "*le Tibère*," or "*le Neron de l'Italie*," has given flagrant proofs of personal intrepidity—whenever he perceived that such exhibitions could be ventured upon with impunity.

Pale as death, but erect and stately, advanced the heroic duke in the rear of four of his blood-thirsty thief-takers, followed by four more of the same honorable corps, rolling his red eyes in all directions, his hand ostentatiously resting on the hilt of his sword. He knew very well that the conspirators, whoever they might be, after striking so desperate a blow, were not likely to tarry on the spot; so, with an air of king-like assurance, he darted angry glances around, as if hurling defiance to the trembling, crouching rabble, who had been schooled to subjection by several years of summary execution, and stopped on the threshold of the house of death, as if for a final bravado, ere he hastened to receive the last breath of his devoted servant.

At the very moment the duke entered the apartment, the surgeon made the attempt to remove the weapon from the breast of his patient. A hollow gurgling sound ensued. Besini started from his couch with a convulsive gasp; he pressed both his hands on his chest, and shrieked with a terrific voice,

"Confession! Confession! God has reached me!"

Surgeons and priests gave way before the redoubted sovereign. He was left alone with the wretched director for less than a minute, when he rang the bell and summoned back the attendants. The features of Besini were distorted by a ghastly smile, and he expired without uttering another word. A squadron of cavalry and the duke's carriage arrived at the door. Francis IV. paused for a second on the senseless clay before him, and laying his hand on the crucifix a priest had left on the pillow, he muttered audibly,

"Were it to cost me one-half of my states, Besini, God is my witness, thou shalt be avenged."

Meanwhile the idlers of the "*Caffè delle Belle Arti*" were looking from behind the shop-window at the bustling crowd.

"Something dreadful has happened," said Liberati, a young lawyer of quiet, indolent habits. "Ho, one of you go and see what the deuce is the matter there. But stay; here comes Morandi. Well my boy, what's the news?"

Morandi came down the street where the tumult seemed to be at its height.

"I do not know—I never stopped to inquire. Some murder, I suppose."

No one asked any further. The cry "*Murder*" was at that epoch, and in some parts of Italy is still too common to excite any considerable alarm.

"Hanno ammazzato uno!" say the gaping crowd at Florence or in Rome, and the bell is rung, the brothers of the *misericordia* run to the spot, and it is nobody else's business to meddle with it.

"What is the matter with you, Morandi? You look pale," inquired his friend.

"Nothing in the world," replied Morandi, with great firmness. "That odious crowd!—Here, boy, bring me lemonade—And, by the by, Liberati, do you know you owe me a *revanche* at chess? Come, the chessboard awaits us."

He sipped his lemonade, played his game, and beat his antagonist.

He was then aged nineteen!

On the morning, Doctor Pasquali, professor of *medecina legale*, was invited to proceed to an official visit, and to make what is there called "*l'autopsia del cadavere*." He was followed by some of his pupils at the university. Morandi among the number.

"Young gentlemen," said the professor, accurately wiping his spectacles with a cambric pocket-handkerchief. (Italian doctors are remarkably nice in their habits.) "Young gentlemen, you see a wound has been here inflicted in the thoracic region by a sharp instrument, most likely a dagger *oristello*, with one of those thin triangular blades, a hurt from which is usually attended with instantaneous death."

"So it appears," said Morandi, on whom the eye of the good professor happened to rest.

"There has been, as you perceive," continued the anatomist, "scarcely any effusion of blood. This is one of those wounds which are said to bleed inwardly; for the dagger having been left in the body, in consequence also of the exiguity of the blade, the blood bursting from the broken vessels, found every outlet obstructed, and invaded the cavity of the lungs, producing immediate suffocation."

"Quite plain," echoed the pupils.

"Morandi," pursued the professor, "hand me that *specillum*, or rather, since you are more at hand, oblige me by sounding the depth of the wound. There, gently, do not force your instrument in, but follow the aperture in its natural course."

"Five and a half inches, sir," said Morandi, extracting the long blunted probe, dripping with clotted gore. "It is evident the assassin took a good aim, and struck to the heart's core."

And the companion of the dead man, that Commissary Frega, whom Morandi had knocked down by the side of his victim, was present all the time, acting coroner for the occasion!

We must draw a curtain over the further proceedings of the learned member of the faculty, and his hopeful pupils, lest the reader should sicken at it. Suffice it to say, that Morandi was left alone to perform the last offices to the dissected body—alone in the chamber of death—alone with his victim!

And yet this young man who, acting under the influence of a false and guilty principle, but too fatally in consonance with what he considered a patriotic duty, had evinced such a rare firmness and inconceivable cold blood, who, in order to screen himself from suspicion, had lingered on the scene of his misdeed, steeling his nerves to such a tremendous ordeal—had, however, received a shock from which, in after life, he never recovered.

Like his victim's wound, the impression of that deed of blood worked inwardly. Like the Spartan youth, he hugged his remorse to his bosom. His countenance never by the slightest twitch, by the faintest flush, betrayed the agony of his soul: but stifled conscience had fastened its fangs on his heart, and preyed on his vitals. Sleep had deserted his couch. He started up in the dark in anguish and terror; he was heard at dead of night gnashing and howl-

ing; his ravings increased to such an extent, that, dreading lest remorse should betray him in his fearful slumbers, two months after the calamitous occurrence, and before the suspicions of the police had in any manner lighted upon him, he asked and obtained his passport, and put the Alps and the sea between him and the scene of his guilt.

An unforeseen catastrophe came to aggravate the misery of the repentant murderer. Out of a large crowd who witnessed Besini's death, only one person could be at no loss as to the identity of his aggressor. Irene Rangoni, from whose side Morandi had torn himself, as he pounced like a hawk on his victim, hurried from balcony to balcony, followed him with her eye, breathless with anxious terror. She saw him overtake the doomed minister, and fall upon him with a desperate plunge. She beheld the gleaming blade, she heard the hollow sound of the deadly thrust. She uttered a piercing shriek, and unheeded for many hours, she lay lifeless on the balcony. Her desolate parents brought her unconscious to her apartment, and when they at last succeeded to rouse her from her long entrancement, she awoke in their arms—a maniac!

Far from her, far from home, travelled, meanwhile, the unfortunate Morandi. How wide and far did he roam in his anxiety to fly from himself! What did he leave unachieved that could, in any degree, atone for the blood that rose in judgment against him. In Spain, in Greece, in South America, wherever a revolutionary standard was raised, the noble youth hastened, the sworn champion of freedom. Always in the foremost ranks, in the forlorn hopes, he fought like a man courting death for its own sake. But where he sought danger, he only found glory; from the wastes of Columbia to the shores of Morea his name was repeated with enthusiasm, and especially after Missolonghi, the gratitude of the Greeks knew no limits. They loaded him with honours, they spared nothing that could bind the Modenese hero to his adopted country.

Meanwhile, after the subsiding of the first terrors, Besini's murder had filled Modena with a joy that no threat of tyranny could subdue. Faithful to his engagement, the duke looked round for a proper object on whom to glut his vengeful ire. Father Romualdo and the two rash youths, Ponzone and Zoccoli, were arrested on the same evening at St. Gersato's monastery. They were brought before a secret commission. The prior was rather vaguely declared guilty of high treason, and sentenced to death. The intercession in his favour of all the monks of his order, and of the Pope himself, was received with silent contempt. The thumb and finger of his right hand, which had handled the consecrated host, were consumed by expiatory fire; and after similar rites and forms of excommunication, the fearless priest suffered a felon's death on the scaffold.

The two younger criminals were thrown into a prison, from which it was the duke's intention they should never be liberated. Their animosity against the late President of the Police pointed them out as the probable authors of a murder of which the treacherous prior was believed to be the instigator. In vain they both proved by an *alibi* their innocence. In vain did Morandi, who was at the time in Spain, write to the duke, assuring him that he, and he alone, was the author of the crime. In vain were the prisoners acquitted even by the mercenary tribunal appointed to decide their fate. The duke's answer was, that the evidence of an absentee was considered of no avail; the exile was invited to appear in person to give satisfactory proof of his self-criminating assertions, and in the interim the prisoners were sent back to jail—at the disposal of the police.

More than eight years did those unfortunate men continue in this cruel suspense, till at last the iron doors of their cells were opened by the events of 1831. They then took refuge in France, where they are living still, helpless emigrants. Ponzone well-nigh deprived of eyesight, Zoccoli labouring under a periodical mental alienation. Both of them bear witness to a long infliction of torture, by the side of which even the melancholy recitals of Pellico and Andryane sink into utter insignificance.

They both firmly state that slow poison, especially an infusion of *belladonna*, or nightshade, was administered to them, with a view to force a confession from their impaired faculties and shattered minds. They affirm that terrific apparitions and appalling monsters were resorted to, to enfeeble their understanding by constant agitation and sleeplessness. Perhaps these terrors may be partly ascribed to the effects of diseased imagination; but that one of them left the duke's prisons nearly blind, and the other more than half insane, is no matter of doubt.

Few persons in England are well acquainted with the particulars of the revolution of central Italy in 1831. Aware that a conspiracy was brewing in the very heart of his little metropolis, the little Duke of Modena put himself at the head of his little army, and, after giving the rebels, in which he took several prisoners, he deemed it expedient to fly beyond the Po, into the states of his mighty cousin of Austria. From the 3d of February to the 5th of March of that auspicious year, the Modenese were free. On the first report of a national movement, Morandi sailed from Navarino to Rimini, whence he proceeded to Modena.

The thunders of artillery by which the duke opened his bombardment of the house of the ill-fated Ciro Menotti, on the 3d of February, aroused from the long lethargy in which she had lain during nine years of gloomy confinement, the desolate Irene Rangoni. The shouts of "*VIVA LA LIBERTÀ!*" "*VIVA L'ITALIA!*" which soon after the tyrant's flight resounded throughout the enfranchised city, seemed to bring a faint gleam of consciousness on the vacant eyes of the demented sufferer. She expressed a wish to attend a national fête given a few nights afterwards at the theatre. She shed a flood of tears as the bold youth of the newly-enlisted national guards waved their tricoloured standard over her wan, emaciated, terror-haunted head. More calm and serene than she had been seen for many years, she was led back to her father's home. She sat up on her bed attempting to read some of her cousin's letters, which had been lying on her table unheeded during the long wandering of her intellect.

Presently there was more shouting and greeting in the street below. There was a loud summons at the palace-door—she recognised the familiar foot-tread—she rushed from her chamber.

"He is come!" she screamed, and fainted in the arms of Morandi.

Alas! the Jubilee of 1831 was but of short duration. After a few days' repose, this hero of Missolonghi was sent at the head of a band of national militia, to protect the threatened boundaries. In a hot engagement at Novi, he repulsed the duke's battalions, who marched as the vanguard of a formidable Austrian division. But even this first success failed to breathe spirit into the hearts of the timid old men who had been placed at the head of the insurrectional government. With the few young volunteers, who had not despaired of the cause of their country, Morandi joined General Zucchi at Bologna, and after the combat and disastrous retreat of Rimini, he embarked with some of the most conspicuous patriots at Ancona, whence the vessel he sailed in having fallen in with Austrian cruisers, he was, with his friends, conveyed to Venice, and there thrown into the prisons of the ancient inquisition of state.



But even in that extremity his brave heart did not quail within him. The news of his arrest spread consternation throughout Italy. The exulting Duke of Modena had obtained from the Lombardo-Venetian government the surrender of his prisoner. How many of his victims would he not cheerfully have given up to secure in his clutches the murderer of his minion!

But it was fated otherwise. By what contrivance the hundred-eyed vigilance of the Austrian keeper was baffled,—by what unprecedented good luck the bolts and bars of those formidable *Piombi* and *Pozzi* were burst open, never was ascertained. It was only whispered that with the aid of a fair maiden in a Grecian costume, Morandi scaled the walls of his prison with that unmatched agility for which he was renowned, found shelter in the house of a foreign Consul for a few hours—the French *charge d'affaires* having closely shut his door against him—went through several disguises, so as to elude the search of his pursuers, rowed to the main land in the garb of a gondolier, and travelling across Lombardy alone on foot, without money or passport, he never stopped till he saw himself in perfect security in the land of the Grisons. His deliverance was a theme of universal rejoicing throughout Italy.

A few months afterwards he was again settled at Corfu, where he was joined by the unknown damsel who had so powerfully contributed to his rescue. The Grecian girl was no other than Irene Rangoni.

### PHILOSOPHY OF CHESS.

The reader's imagination will have no difficulty in picturing two individuals seated at a small table. Let him suppose these persons to be two of the lights of the age; one, perhaps, is a dignitary of the church, renowned for his extensive erudition: the name of the other stands high in the ranks of science. Their powerful minds—which daily pour forth important suggestions respecting the spiritual and material welfare of mankind—are absorbed in silent and intense reflection. Their eyes are fixed. "On what?" you will ask. "Are they watching the results of a chemical experiment, or endeavouring to decipher a Greek manuscript of St. Augustine?" By no means; the table to which all their faculties seem riveted, is curiously inlaid with alternate squares of white and black wood, upon several of which stand upright toys, bearing some resemblance to children's skittles, only they have a greater variety of shapes, and are more elaborately carved. "Surely," you continue, "these intellectual magnates cannot be solely occupied with such frivolous objects?" We will see. The philosopher has, you perceive, with a trembling hand, shifted the tallest of the pieces of ivory from one square to the next—a simple act, which you or I would perform without experiencing the slightest emotion, or expecting it to cause any excitement in the breast of another. But mark its consequences upon the Archdeacon! With lips compressed, and brows closely knitted, he leans both arms upon the table-edge, and, bending his head, increases the intensity of his gaze upon the playthings. His eyes—heavy with their load of thought—move with slow deliberation from square to square, from the white pieces of ivory to those so prettily dyed red. Suddenly his visage is lighted up with a fine idea; he moves his hand as if to clutch one of the toys; yet, ere his fingers close upon it, a second, and, perhaps, a better thought arrests them. His arm now remains in mid-air, and lo! another ray of genius flashes into his mind; he seizes a figure; he moves it, and utters a strange syllable which sounds something like "check!" Upon this the philosopher completely forfeits his character as such, by assuming a fierce look of surprise and disappointment; and under the influence of those feelings, he unwisely, and without due consideration, changes the situation of his tall image. His grasp is scarcely relaxed from it, before the Archdeacon makes another transposition of one of his own playthings, and exclaims, in a tone of extreme exultation, "mate!" The over-excited individuals immediately rise from the table; and, as stage-duellists wipe their rapiers after a fatal thrust, so does the Archdeacon remove with his handkerchief the copious exudations which are escaping from under his wig. The absorbing question, discussed upon the chequered table by the aid of those elegant specimens of carving, is evidently solved; in a manner too not at all pleasing to the philosopher, who is trying all his might not to lose his temper. The churchman, on the contrary, is so delighted, that he hums a tune of much too lively a measure to be found in any collection of psalmody. These outbreaks of temper and merriment somewhat puzzles you. Aware of their surpassing intellectual powers, you would have thought that greater amount of wisdom and acumen than they had just appeared to exhibit, would be requisite for discovering the longitude or the philosopher's stone. Nor would you, perhaps, have thought altogether erroneously. Still, all that deep concentration—that concentration of the brightest faculties—those complicated processes of reasoning—were equally necessary for the Archdeacon to win, and for the philosopher to lose—a game of chess!

As a mere looker-on, and knowing nothing whatever of the game, the only rational conjecture by which you can account for the excitement and mental exertion displayed by the divine and his antagonist is, that, toy-like as are its implements, chess must be a very complicated affair. This, in point of fact, is the truth. The table or board, you may perceive, is divided into sixty-four sections, upon which thirty-two pieces or "men" are to be moved; multiply sixty-four by each of the progressive numbers contained in thirty-two, add up the results, and even that product, large as it is, will give you but the faintest notion of the number of combinations the game is susceptible of: moreover, each sort of man has a move peculiar to itself. Then, as the game advances, the pieces diminish in number: all which tends to make the combinations actually numberless; inasmuch that no two games were ever ascertained to be even nearly alike. This I mention that you may entertain no unfavourable impression regarding my two excellent friends; for, puerile as their motions may have appeared to your ignorance of chess, let the cloth of the one and the scientific eminence of the other guarantee that they are none of those children of larger growth who are

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

The difficulties of the game, let me tell you, make it a science as well as an amusement.

Besides all this, the game of chess is rendered respectable by the great men who have been its votaries from the earliest periods of antiquity. There now lies before me a print copied from one of the tombs of Thebes, in which King Rameses III. is in the very pith and marrow of a game of chess. His majesty is evidently getting the best of it; and although that particular game must have been played somewhere about three thousand five hundred years ago, yet so cleverly has the sculptor wrought, that I can detect the same sort of exulting smile upon the Egyptian monarch's face while lifting his "man" to give check-mate, as that we have just noticed upon the countenance of the Archdeacon under similar circumstances. To enumerate all the sovereigns, warriors, sages, and heroes, who have played at, and consequently ennobled chess, from the time of the Pharaohs down to the present, would not be amusing; so, patient reader, I shall let you off with Rameses as a specimen of the an-

cient, and (oh, heavy declension!) with some notices of an esteemed living friend as illustrative of the modern chess-player.

So completely identified is Mr. Mortimer Mason with the game, and so intense has been his application to it, that a close observer may detect "chess-player" written in capital letters upon his countenance. He has a broad forehead made slightly bald at the crest from a habit of thrusting his hand into his front hair while in the throes of a difficult position. His eyes, though penetrating, have a thoughtful expression; his mouth is usually closed; the tight compression of the under lip indicating great firmness and energy of purpose when once his mind is made up as to the move he will make. I shall never forget my introduction to him. It took place at the house of a country friend, whither we had gone under pretence of shooting. After dinner, he challenged me to the chess-board, and we sat down at seven o'clock. As Hector and Achilles are described by old Homer to have commenced their fight with more caution than energy, so did we—dreading, though unconscious of, each other's power—make our first moves with slow and painful deliberation. By half-past eight, my adversary forced an exchange of bishops—a desperate measure, indicating that his courage was rising. At nine, affairs looked more serious, and vain was our hostess's interference to effect a truce by sending to announce tea. The fight was continued with equal determination on both sides till ten; and by half past eleven—when a servant brought us sandwiches—only two pawns and a knight, from each side, beside the bishops, had been dragged from the field. Up to this time our host—himself an enthusiast—looked on; but at midnight a summons not to be slighted withdrew him from the scene of action; though not till he ordered his servant to inform him of the progress of the game during the night, and of its final fate. About two o'clock the next morning, Mason saw an opportunity of gaining a strong position by throwing away a rook; and the servant retired to knock up his master, and inform him that "the white castle was taken." My counter-move threw terror into the enemy's ranks; it was an unexpected manœuvre; one of those happy flashes of genius that sometimes dart unbidden into the mind. I, too, sacrificed my rook, so as to obtain those advantages of position my antagonist coveted. But, in the end, Mason was too much for me. We fought on till four: exhaustion was stealing over us; and seeing that my opponent's skill was in reality greater than mine, I seized the opportunity of exchanging the last two fighting pieces left upon the board. Convinced that I could never win the game, I took care not to lose it; and at a quarter to five, John had the pleasure of announcing to his sleeping master that "it was a drawn game!" From that memorable morning, Mason and I have been fast friends; notwithstanding that when we encounter he seldom fails to beat me. During these frequent meetings, I have managed to draw from him some particulars concerning his history, which, as he is a type of a large class, will perhaps be found interesting.

One wet afternoon, whilst on a visit to a college friend in the mountains of Wales, Mason learnt the moves; and, from that period, chess may be designated the motive power of his existence. He was in a state of perplexing doubt as to the choice of a profession. Having a competency for the necessities of a respectable subsistence, he first thought of the army, then of the bar, but finally made up his mind in favour of the church, and actually went down to Wales to observe how his friend lived, so as to judge how he would like the kind of life himself. A dozen games at chess, however, decided him against the learned or the military professions: from that time he became simply a chess-player. His habits and motions are governed by his favourite game: were he a knight or a bishop, he could not more completely belong to it; for whatever may be the point of discussion in any company, the name of Mason, incidentally mentioned, is certain to change the subject to chess playing. Whenever he visits, not the friend himself, but his chess apparatus is the attraction; whenever he travels, chess is the cause of his journey. In London he is well known at every coffee-house where the game is respectably played from his frequent patronage and presence. He visits them in regular rotation every season; and when he has used them quite up, commences his annual provincial tour. After Oxford and Cambridge, he proceeds to the north; and so great is his skill, that his journey may be said to be one triumph till he gets to Edinburgh. There he is but too delighted to find his match—an advocate, belonging to the chess-club of the Modern Athens, being strong enough to give him first move. From Edinburgh, Mason starts for Paris, to make a tour of the chess playing *cafés*. He then returns to open the London campaign; and thus has he passed year after year during the last quarter of a century. If you drop in at any of the cigar-divans, literary institutions, or coffee houses, during the London season, you will—provided you select the right evenings—meet Mr. Mason. He has his nights, also, for the various literary and mechanics' institutions, of all which he has been elected an honorary member from his eminence in the chess world, of which their subscribers form no inconsiderable proportion. On Mondays you will see him at the Grand Divan in the Strand. At his entrance many of the games in progress will be stopped, and he will most likely be pointed out to the country cousins present as the "lion" of the room. Should he condescend to play, many a table will be deserted by ambitious imitators of his style. His favourite rendezvous is Kilpack's in Covent Garden—famed amongst artists, actors, and authors, as the coziest of chess-rooms. Call there on a Wednesday evening, and you will see at the end of the room a group of lookers-on, shrouded in anxious silence, while standing round a chess-table. In the midst of them you will perceive our friend Mason seated opposite to his favourite antagonist—a gentleman whose grave deportment receives addition of solemnity from a pair of silver spectacles. On Mason's countenance sits the calmness of an assured victor, whilst his opponent occasionally breaks out into a state of perspiring perplexity. So complete is the absorption of the players, that nothing short of an earthquake would be likely to disturb them. Indeed, Mason once withstood a test which would with other men be hardly less effective. One night his lawyer—who always knew where to find him—hastened into the divan to acquaint him with some good news. The spectacled antagonist had fortified his king so strongly, that our friend could by no stratagem weaken its position; but at the moment of the attorney's entrance, a chance of surprising the enemy's camp by a *coup-de-main* offered itself. The lawyer rushed into the midst of the group at this ticklish point, saying, "Mr. Mason, I have news from India!" "Indeed!" he answered, moving his bishop. "Yes, sir. Your uncle, the major, is no more!" "Ha, ha!" he exclaimed to his opponent, shutting out each faculty from everything but the game, "you must take it, you perceive!" The antagonist made the capture. "Good!" he rejoined; and while moving his knight, the lawyer informed him that seven hundred a-year was, by the death of his uncle, added to his income. He was deaf to the charming intelligence, for, at the moment it was uttered, he had earned the delightful privilege of exclaiming "Check-mate!" Then turning to the attorney, he said in a careless tone, "I beg your pardon, Nibbs; but you were repeating—" The information was repeated, and Mason, after paying a short but affectionate tribute to the major's memory, coolly asked his adversary if he would have another game? This sang-froid upon an occasion



which would have caused in other breasts the most lively emotions, is only to be equalled by Dr. Robertson's story of an ancestor of his Royal Highness Prince Albert. John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by the Emperor, Charles V., was one day amusing himself at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, when a messenger came to inform him that his enemy had condemned him to death. In spite of the sad intelligence, the Elector played on with such spirit and ingenuity, that he won the game.

Though now possessed of a good income, Mason is still a bachelor. Not having found a fitting match at chess, he has never made much progress in courtship. He had, however, one affair of the heart with a well-known lady-player in the north. Matters went on for some time with great likelihood of a matrimonial termination; but Mason's love of chess proved too strong for his love of the lady: he beat her nearly every game, and she naturally jilted him. There is a French proverb which says, "If you would win a damsel's heart, always lose to her at chess." This is probably founded on an anecdote concerning Count Ferrand of Flanders, whose wife conceived so mortal a hatred to him from their misunderstandings over the chess-board, that when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she suffered him to remain in durance for a long time, though she might have easily procured his release. It would seem to be the fate of chess-players, in all ages, to be ill-requited lovers. Mason, like many more of his class, revenges himself by a touch of depreciation of the whole sex: he is ungallant enough to say that the reason why so few women play well, is the unbroken silence which chess imposes.

My enthusiastic friend's character would not have been complete, had he failed to write on the subject of chess. This, however, he has done, and in a manner quite worthy of himself. His work is historical, its main object being to reform the nomenclature of the pieces. The origin of the game is decidedly oriental, and the power of the fair sex being extremely limited in the East, it is, he argues, manifestly absurd to call the most powerful actor in the whole collection a "queen." The truth is, that the orientals call this piece the general or grand vizier, *Fersana*. "And why," inquires our author, "may we not unsex the queen, and call her with more propriety the premier?" Again, what have bishops to do with so warlike a game? Evidently nothing; for they have been barbarously substituted for the elephant, *fil*, which the French have corrupted to *fol*, and ourselves to bishop. Against the castle, Mason's paper warfare is not so strongly directed, because the Persian word *rock* (from which we get *rook*) means a war-chariot, in which a miniature castle might stand. With knights he is contented; and states the pawns to be correctly derived from *pions* (Persian *piade*). "Footmen," or infantry, which they may be truly considered. His concluding remarks consist of what I cannot help thinking a judicious lamentation over the exclusiveness of the game to the middle and higher classes of society. "The humble and intelligent artisan," he writes, "would find much more amusement in chess than the expensive revelleries of the tap-room, or in the beer-accompanying pleasures of skittles. It is a great mistake to suppose that the intricacy of chess is a bar to the humblest capacity acquiring its theory. The moves may be learnt at one or at most two lessons, and when once learnt, are never forgotten. This is all which is required; because the tyro—provided he play with a person as unskilled as himself—feels as deep an interest in his games as the best imaginable players. The expense of a board and men is trifling; to ingenious persons nothing, for they are easily made." Mr. Mason concludes his benevolent remarks with proposals for establishing a sort of chess mission for the furtherance and dissemination of the "most philosophical of all games." He has also mentioned to me, in confidence, that he intends to leave behind him endowments for all the universities of Great Britain, sufficient to found chairs (and of course tables too) for chess professorships. Long, however, may it be ere his last will and testament becomes effective: long may the grim winner of that most chequered of all games—the game of life—withhold the final move from Mr. Mortimer Mason.

### MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

No social relation is more universally established than that of matrimony. It is found to prevail, under slightly different forms, alike among the most barbarous and the most civilised nations, and may therefore be regarded as correspondent at once with the principles of nature and the dictates of human policy. Among nearly all the tribes of mankind, moreover, the contraction of the nuptial tie is celebrated with more or less solemnity, though the modes of celebration are varied to an almost indefinite extent. In part, these differences depend on the local habits, and state of civilisation of the people; and in part, also, on the practice of polygamy, which has been permitted by the laws of many nations, and is calculated materially to affect the character of the marriage rite. In ancient Egypt, according to historians, a plurality of wives was allowed by law; but we are also told that the permission was seldom taken advantage of; and as the priests were excluded from the privilege altogether, we may conceive single marriages to have been regarded as most honourable and becoming. The Egyptians did not marry within certain degrees of consanguinity. It is true that the royal family of the Ptolemies married within the nearest degrees of kindred; but it would be as unjust to charge this unnatural practice upon the Egyptian people at large, as it would be to reflect similarly, for the same reason, on the modern Portuguese. The Jews of the patriarchal days, and most probably the whole of the eastern nations of old, were in the same condition as the Egyptians with respect to polygamy, a plurality of wives being permitted among them, but not often practised. At the same time, both in Egypt and Palestine, harems were customarily established from the earliest ages, the occupants being commonly purchased slaves, who held a middle rank between the wife and the common servants. Even the wife herself was so far a purchase, being obtained from her parents either by presents of money or cattle, or as a remuneration for services rendered. The cases of Jacob and Shechem fully establish this point. From the time of Moses, polygamy was at least not directly sanctioned by the laws, though kings and men of power acknowledged no restraint in this respect in many instances. The Jews married very young, and were betrothed a year or so beforehand. On the wedding morning, the bridegroom, accompanied by several friends, and among them one filling the situation of bridegroom's man (in Scotland, *best-man*), went to the house of the bride, and brought her to his own home, veiled, and followed by several of her companions dancing and singing. The wedding feast lasted seven days, though the men and women seem to have taken their meals entirely apart during this period; and the bridegroom's man performed the duties of host under the guidance of the bridegroom. The latter, as well as the bride, wore, during the festivities, a crown or fillet, which, if the parties were rich, was of gold. The actual rite of union appears simply to have consisted in the pronouncement of a blessing over the parties. At the close of the seven days, the bride, still veiled, was conducted to the nuptial chamber, and thither the bridegroom was also brought by her companions with torches and song. Hence the fine parable of the ten virgins, who

took their lamps to meet the bridegroom. The modern Jews have modified these customs considerably. Their weddings commonly take place in the open air, under a canopy upheld by four boys, and the bridegroom places a ring on the finger of the bride, publicly stating his acceptance of her as his "wedded wife." Afterwards, wine is brought in, in a brittle vessel, and after the pair have drank a portion of it, the cup is cast on the ground and broken.

The Jews held marriage to be highly honourable, and strictly inculcated it on the young. So was it also regarded among the people of ancient Greece, and particularly among the Lacedemonians. In the early days of the latter republic, obstinate bachelors were forced to run round the public forum, once a winter, in a state of nudity, singing a song in ridicule of themselves; and the Athenians gave high trusts only to the wedded, whose families served as pledges for their fidelity. Though tolerated in various known instances, the states of Greece seem very generally to have discountenanced polygamy, as well as marriages within certain degrees of consanguinity. Grecian girls were solemnly betrothed by their parents, and plighted faith to their lovers with a kiss. The time of full moon, or the fourth day of the month, was held as the most propitious for marriage. Immediately before the appointed day, the betrothed maidens repaired to the temple of Diana, to whom they offered a lock of their hair, with other presents, by way of taking a reverential leave of the patron goddess of virginity. The young men offered a similar tribute to Apollo; and other deities were frequently propitiated at the same period, by presents and animal sacrifices. Adorned with garlands of sacred flowers, and wearing dyed garments, the Athenian bridegroom set out to the bride's house, and took her thence in a chariot to his own in the evening. A "best-man" always accompanied them, and if the bridegroom had been married before, that person had the honour of going alone for the bride. Torch-bearers, and women carrying a sieve and spindle, preceded the nuptial car, while the bride herself bore a household vessel containing barley, these things being testimonials of her intended thrift. Wreaths were hung on the house of the bridegroom, and, as the pair entered, fruits were poured on them, to indicate a hospitable plenty. Part of the axle-tree of the car was burned, to indicate that the bride had come to depart no more. The wedding guests sat down to a liberal entertainment, and songs were sung, and other devices used, to amuse the hour. The songs were called *Hymenæoi*, a name derived from the constant invocations on the occasion of Hymen, or Hymenæus, the god of marriage. In the bridal chamber, where the couches were placed, one covered with purple cloth, the bride had her feet bathed by a boy, usually her relative. Other ceremonies were here performed, and it was a high and valued privilege to be present. The bride was lighted to bed by torches, round one of which was bound her hair-lace, taken from her head by her mother for the purpose. The bridegroom and bride then ate a quince together, by which it was intimated that their conversation should be pleasing and agreeable. The bridegroom then unloosed the zone of his bride, a custom, it may be observed, which was universal, also, among the Scandinavians and eastern Asiatics. In the meantime, young people of both sexes stood outside, dancing, shouting, and singing epithalamia or marriage songs. In the morning, the same parties returned to sing awakening songs of gratulation. On the whole, three days were occupied in the ceremonial, the second being the wedding one.

The Romans closely copied many of the institutions of Greece in respect to marriage. A single city, requiring a constant succession of recruits for endless, severe, and far spread wars, could not but look attentively to the sources of population. Both during the republic and empire, up to the time of Constantine, severe penalties were inflicted on celibacy, and numerous advantages of a pecuniary, civil, and political description, were conferred, especially by the Emperor Augustus, on married men. This sort of legislation was the more essential, on account of the pride which confined the marriages of Romans. Boys were considered marriageable at fourteen, and girls at twelve; and a union was not held valid unless the legal age had been attained, and the parents had consented. Betrothal was the first step towards a marriage, and at that time the wedding-day was fixed, the parties taking care not to choose a "black day" in the calendar. The kalends, nones, and ides, with the era of the Feast of the Saliens, were avoided; but the latter half of June was held peculiarly favourable to matrimony. On the day before the nuptials, the bride sacrificed her maiden gown, or toga, to *Fortune Virginal*, and her childish toys to the household *Lares*, with a votive offering to Juno, the patroness of married women; while, in memory of the abduction of the Sabine maidens, her hair was divided with a lance into six locks, and arranged after the fashion of matrons. A wreath of flowers, and a flame-hued veil, the emblem of modesty, with a woollen and matron tunic, formed the marriage garb of the bride; and thus she appeared, with the bridegroom, before the augurs and priests, who sacrificed portions of a sheep to the patron deities of matrimony, while the young pair rested on the fleece. The marriage contract, drawn up before witnesses, was confirmed by the breaking of a raw between the bride and bridegroom, who then put on the finger of her left hand the wedding-ring, made sometimes with a small key on it, to indicate the development upon her of the cares of housewifery. Before being taken in the evening to the bridegroom's house, a representation of the Sabine abduction took place, the bride being carried with a show of force from her mother's arms by the bridegroom. Arriving at the house of the latter, accompanied by relatives, she hung up snow-white threads of wool, emblems of chastity, on the door-posts, and rubbed them with the fat of hogs, to guard against enchantment. Being lifted gently over the threshold, her first step was made on a fleece, the symbol of industry, and both she and her spouse touched fire and water, in signification of purity. With the same water the feet were washed. The bride gave her spouse a small coin, as if purchasing him, and placed another on the hearth-stone, after which the wedding-feast was held. The Roman bride, unlike those of Greece, were conducted to the bridal-chamber by matrons, while epithalamia were sung at the door by boys and girls.

Such were the forms of marriage in respectable families in civilised Rome. In simpler times, and among the common people, a portion of these rights only was performed, and chiefly in two ways. When two parties ate together a portion of sacrificial cake, offered a sheep to the gods, and sat and the fleece it was termed a marriage by *confarreatio* (from *con*, together, and *far* bread). The simple exchange of pieces of money before witnesses formed a marriage by *coemptio* (mutual purchase). A marriage was called one of usage when the woman resided for a year with a man, with the intent of becoming his wife. A marriage effected in any of these three ways gave the woman and her children all the legal ordinary rights of inheritance. Among the early Romans, as among other rude nations, the husband paid for the wife. Advancing civilisation reversed the case, as it may be observed to have ever done; but the dowries of Roman maidens were long very scanty, as we may learn from the fact, that the senate, when, in compliment to their victorious general Scipio, they took upon them the burden of his daughter's dowry, conceived the sum of thirty pounds sterling to be a meet and handsome portion. Dowries became extra-



gantly large, however, in the latter times of the empire. The marital tie was not very scrupulously observed, if we may judge from the frequency of divorces Cicero himself disgraced his character by repudiating a wife with whom he had lived thirty years, in order to marry a young and wealthy girl.

The marriage customs of other nations of antiquity, not fortunate enough to obtain the same historical importance as the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans, are of course very imperfectly known to us. The Celts are said to have practised polygamy. Cæsar states it to have prevailed in Britain, and the case was probably the same among the whole of the ancient Celtic people of Europe. The Celts, as the Druidical rites partly show, held women in little estimation; and wherever such was the case, polygamy, and, its almost infallible consequence, the purchasing of wives, were certainly practised. Their marriages, therefore, were most probably simple matters, since it is only where woman is held in high esteem that such solemnities become matters of interest and importance.

The introduction of the religion of Mohammed did not, it is probable, change to any very great extent the fundamental principles upon which the social rite of marriage had previously been based among the numerous tribes of the East. Polygamy, and the purchasing of wives, were customs which he was too politic to attempt to subvert. He indeed kept religion virtually out of the question, and made marriage entirely a civil contract, which is its character to this day in all Moslem countries. Of course the mode of life and state of civilization cause considerable differences in the ceremonial among the Mohammedan nations. Among rude and pastoral tribes, the affair is a simple one. If a young Arab is captivated by the figure of a girl of his tribe, he exerts all his address to get a sight of her face, which is veiled when she is abroad. He makes a confidant of some friend whose dwelling she visits, and conceals himself so as to see her. If he is pleased, he goes and bargains for her with her father, and a contract is signed before the sheik, or civil authority. After baths and other ceremonials, the bride is conducted by matrons to the tent of the husband. He then presses a gold piece to her forehead, and carries her into the interior: dancing goes on around the tent all night.

The Berbers and Moors, or Arabs of Africa, begin the nuptial ceremony in a similar way, by paying a price; but it is not customary for the husband to see, or attempt to see, the face of the bride, until she is brought to his house, which is done by a convoy of horsemen, amid shouting and firing of arms. The ceremony is then performed in a dark apartment, and when it is over, the husband is privileged to raise the veil of his wife. For eight days the man cannot quit his house, and the lady must keep herself shut up for two months. To show their respect and joy, the friends of the new married man were wont, after this period, to make him a sort of king and umpire among them for a time; but an emperor of Morocco, not relishing this invasion of his rights, caused eight of these pseudo-kings to be tied to the tails of mules, and dragged to death, since which time the honors of sovereignty have not been coveted by the newly-married.

Similar to these are the rites of marriage among all the pastoral and rude tribes of the East. The more cultivated and luxurious Persians pay a dowry for the bride, which the latter frequently obtains for her own use, in case of divorce. A contract is signed before the cadi in a darkened place, with a view that hostile enchanters may not find out what is going on, and interfere with their evil charms. It is rare for the ruder Mohammedans of Arabia and Barbary to have more than one wife; though perhaps in this their poverty, and not their will, consents. The wealthy Persians have usually two, and in many cases three or four, as their riches may be greater or lesser. The same is the case among the Turks, with whom, after the signature of a contract before the civil magistrate, and the payment of a dowry, the veiled bride is conducted home on horseback, and, after an entertainment, is usually seen, for the first time, by the husband in the bridal chamber. As fathers proportion the demand for dowry to the beauty of the bride, there is less chance of disappointment from this strange custom than one would at first suppose. Besides, divorce is easy among all these nations. Chastity is highly esteemed among the Turks, Arabs, Persians, and others of the more civilized Mohammedan nations.

The most prominent feature in the marriage customs of the Hindoos, is the early age at which they marry their children. Those resident in Calcutta are struck by the frequent spectacle of two children, a boy and girl, both about seven years old, borne along the streets in a palanquin or litter, in marriage procession, while their friends surround them, all in gay attire. Sometimes, to vindicate his more courageous nature, the young bridegroom rides by his bride on horseback; but his dignity is sadly lowered by the necessity of holding him on. One sorrowful reflection arises from such a spectacle; which is, that the death of the boy condemns the bride to perpetual widowhood. On the occasion of these marriages, gifts are exchanged by the friends. At the wedding in the evening, the couple are placed with a folded kerchief and a lighted fire between them, and a silk cord is wound around them; after which the Brahmin pronounces a form of words, bidding the husband to support the wife, and the wife to be faithful. He then blesses the pair. While the encircling cord indicates the bond formed betwixt them, the lighted fire points, it is but too probable, to the horrid custom of the Suttee. Marriages are strictly confined to castes among the Hindoos.

The Afghans, and most of the tribes of the interior of Asia, purchase their wives, and take them home without much ceremony. Very different is the case amongst the Chinese settled at Singapore; and we shall here condense a sketch of one of their weddings, given by a late traveller, the Rev. Howard Malcom. The marriage-room was one containing an altar and an idol of "Jos,"\* and was richly decorated with paper hangings and glass lamps. Sweetmeats and flowers lay on trays of silver and porcelain, and sandal wood sent up its fragrant smoke. The bride entered alone, and made many genuflexions to Jos. She then assumed the bridal veil, and retired to her chamber, the house being that of her family. Presently, the bridegroom came with a priest and many friends, the former paying homage to Jos. The bride then re-entered veiled, and all partook of a repast, after which a select number retired to the bridal chamber. Here the bridegroom and bride bowed, and shifted, with a formal gravity that was very edifying, until he at length advanced and raised her veil, seeing her for the first time. The pair then shared a light repast alone. On rising, the bridegroom took off his outer dress of ceremony, and threw it on the bed, as if marking it for his own. An attendant immediately raised the fold of the bride's dress, and the bridegroom, respectfully advancing, unclasped the cincture of the garment beneath. As in the case of the Greeks and others, this act, gentle and delicate, yet significant, closed the ceremony.

The bridegroom, after going home, according to custom, for a few hours, returned in the evening, and from that time forth was a son of the family. Here the genuflexions to Jos, and the proceedings mentioned as passing before the witnesses, constituted the whole of the ceremony, though there may have been

\* Jos is a Chinese corruption of the Portuguese word *Deos*, God or Spirit.

some private contract as to pecuniary matters. But though this was a Chinese wedding, the ceremonies slightly differ in China itself. Wives are commonly bought, and brought in locked chairs to the bridegroom's house. He receives the key of the chair, and sees her for the first time. In case of disappointment, the fair one may be sent back immediately; but contracts are very generally used to prevent this. The genuflexions before the family idol, and the ceremonies described with entertainments, complete the affair.

In Siam, Burmah, and Eastern Asia generally, the wife is purchased, and polygamy allowed, but not usually practised, or even countenanced. In Japan, the ceremony of marriage takes place in the public temple, where, in presence of the idol Buddi, the bonze, or priest, blesses the pair, while the latter stand with lamps in their hands. A seven days' festival follows. The Asiatic sect of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers, regard marriage as a compact of the most sacred kind, and unite their children at a very early age. What is somewhat curious, they hold matrimony between cousins as especially desirable. At the ceremony, our priest demands if each party consents, and, on being answered in the affirmative, joins their hands and strews rice over them. The last proceeding is analogous to that which takes place in many countries, and seems to imply a prayer for future plenty to the pair. In Scotland, and elsewhere, a cake is frequently broken above the heads of married couples, seemingly for the same reason.

The marriages of the native African tribes are, generally speaking, conducted upon the simple principle of purchase. Polygamy is practised chiefly by the wealthy, and in proportion to their wealth. The kings of Ashantee have, or used to have, a curious taste in this respect, priding themselves upon having exactly three thousand three hundred and thirty-three wives, of which mystical number three thousand were trained to arms under a female officer. Amongst the American Indians presents are usually made by the suitor to the object of his affections, and if these are accepted, he holds himself encouraged to go and smoke the pipe of conciliation with the parents; after other formal visits, he makes his offer of a certain amount of cattle or other articles of value to them, and in due time the daisel is conducted to his tent amid general rejoicings. Of course, among so many tribes, the ritual for the occasion varies considerably, but not so greatly as to deserve a detailed notice. Polygamy is principally prevalent among the chiefs.

The marriage customs of the Christian world have become much more simple than formerly, and particularly in the states furthest advanced in civilisation. In Catholic communities, marriage is a sacrament, dissolvable by the Pope alone. With protestants such is not the case; and though the parties are in most cases united by clergymen, a justice of peace, as in Scotland, may perform the ceremony. Among the Lutherans, as in England, it is customary for the pair to go in the morning to church, where they are united in presence of their friends and the officiating clergyman. The pair, if wealthy, then depart on a short tour, or to a country seat, leaving the wedding feast to be solemnised by their friends. The Scotch are married in their own houses, and, until of late, always remained to attend the marriage entertainment. The poorer classes still do so, but the rich have adopted the custom of quitting home immediately after the ceremony. It would be vain to attempt any minute description of the minor differences, and superstitious or traditional practices, attending the nuptial rite in the various Catholic and Protestant countries of modern Christendom.

#### POLICY OF MINISTERS--IRELAND, &c.

From the last Quarterly Review.—[Concluded.]

Let us not be misunderstood. Because Mr. O'Connell overrates his numbers, let us not be supposed to underrate the magnitude of the evil.

We admit, nay, we proclaim—that these proceedings are, in a lamentable degree, dangerous to the public safety, and disgraceful to our political and legal institutions; that they exhibit to the eyes of astonished Europe a state of society unparalleled, and to them incomprehensible and irreconcilable with any notion of civil government. We know that such a state of things cannot continue to exist. It must in some way be stopped and terminated; but our present inquiry is whether Sir Robert Peel's Government could or ought to have interposed the strong arm of power at some former, and if so, at what stage of this agitation. Our own cool and deliberate opinion is that the line that has been taken, however liable to taunt or misrepresentations (no inconsiderable evils, we admit, in such a case,) is on the whole the wisest and the safest that they could have pursued in so great a difficulty: and let us repeat that the difficulty is none of their making; they inherited it from their immediate predecessors. The Queen's Government, under Lord Melbourne, had tolerated, and—at least by impunity, connivance, and the Lichfield-House Compact—encouraged, these assemblages, which the Queen's Government, and Sir Robert Peel, is censured for not having all at once punished and suppressed.

But the real difficulty—the difficulty that pressed on Lord Melbourne, as it does on Sir Robert Peel, dates from an earlier epoch—long before Mr. O'Connell had ever been heard of. The partial relaxation of the penal laws, which conferred the elective franchise on Roman Catholic electors, but left neglected or stigmatised the Roman Catholic clergy, peerage, and gentry, was a great mistake. It threw large political power into the worst hands, and created a formidable influence essentially hostile to the institutions, into contact, or rather conflict, with which it was thus forced. Thence grew the Catholic Question; a question not originally raised by the Catholics themselves, but by rival Protestant parties at contested elections. It was another great mistake and misfortune that this question was not settled at the Union. If the special interests of the Roman Catholic clergy, peerage, and gentry, had been consolidated with that arrangement, it seems highly probable that, with the concurrent commercial and social advantages which the Union has conferred upon Ireland, she might have been gradually weaned from the bigoted prejudices and barbarous habits which render her Roman Catholic peasantry at this hour the very least civilised in Europe—slaves to an ignorant priesthood, tools of greedy demagogues, and dupes to both. A third but fainter chance of reconciling the Roman Catholic body to British connexion was lost at the Emancipation in 1829, by not accompanying that measure with a state provision for the priests. We are aware of the difficulties of such an attempt.

But the result is that no Government has ever dared to deal with the Roman Catholic disturbers of the peace as they would have done with any other class of society—nay, they have treated those perturbators with peculiar favour and privileges. The Protestants of Ireland are the children of England—placed there by her as a guard and a garrison—after the victories of the Boyne and Aghrim, which consolidated our just and necessary Revolution under the auspices of him whose "*glorious and immortal memory*" was for a century an object of reverence and affection to every friend of the British constitution. It seems, at first sight, rather strange, that because the children of the followers of James—who were, as fortunately for them as for us, vanquished in that great struggle—choose to remember their defeat with bitterness, the



sons of the conquerors should be forbidden to celebrate triumphs more profitable than Cressy, Poitiers, or Agincourt, and not less important to the national existence than Waterloo itself. And while the Roman Catholics were permitted to use the most offensive language against the whole system of British connexion, ancient and modern, a Protestant gentleman would have been dismissed with contumely from the magistracy for boasting—as his forefathers had done for a century—the memory of that great prince whose advent is celebrated as a Church festival, whose success was the foundation of what we suppose we may still venture to call our glorious constitution, and the triumph of whose arms at the Boyne and Aghrim are the foundations on which the throne of the House of Brunswick stands.

It was in the spring tide of this *Catholic Ascendancy* that Sir Robert Peel was called to the helm. We have seen what a lull ensued—how slow and cautious were Mr. O'Connell's movements—how difficult it was to fix on the precise moment at which interference would have been justifiable—even supposing that there existed a legal power of interference. But was there such a power? All the statutable authority for preventing such assemblages had, in the timid and submissive spirit we have already alluded to, been repealed or suffered to expire. There survived nothing but the common law right of preserving the public peace. Now what was that common law right? A meeting is illegal at common law if held for an illegal purpose, without reference to any other circumstances. Now it may be held, as we certainly do, that the repeal of the Union is, constitutionally and intrinsically, an illegal purpose, and we are clearly of opinion that it ought to have been so declared when it was first broached; but after the long impunity with which this question has been stirred—after the debate in *Parliament* on Mr. O'Connell's motion in 1834—after the great demonstrations of 1840 and '41, and after the long apathy of the Whig Ministers acting in consonance with Lord John Russell's recent declaration, that "the repeal of the Union was open to question, like any other act of the Legislature," we doubt that any jury could be found, or perhaps any judge, that would interpret a meeting to petition for the repeal of the Union to be *per se* for an illegal object.

But a meeting may also be illegal though held ostensibly for a legal purpose—if attended with certain circumstances to be judged of in each particular case; for instance:—Any assembly of persons, whether collected under the pretence of petitioning or any other, that from its numbers, acts, place, or time of meeting, or other circumstances *preceding or accompanying* the meeting, excites in the minds of persons of ordinary sense and nerve (not merely weak and timid persons) a reasonable fear that the public peace will thereby be violated, and the lives and properties of the Queen's subjects thereby endangered, such an assembly will be unlawful, although its ostensible purpose be legal; but in such a case it seems to be doubted whether the danger to the public peace must not be *immediate*; it is not, we have been told, enough that the meeting should be of dangerous *example*, or should menace dangerous *consequences* at some future time. We are not quite prepared to assent to this construction of the law; we believe a meeting may become illegal if calculated to produce a prospective danger, though we admit the circumstances leading to that presumption had need to be proportionably strong. But even if this were so, Sir Robert Peel's Government was again concluded by what had already passed—the great meetings of 1840 and '41 had all ended without any breach of the peace; and the presumption grew stronger and stronger that each succeeding case would have a similar peaceable result.

Mr. O'Connell himself seems quite alive to this state of the law; and there is no point that he has been so careful to avoid as anything that might bring his gatherings within legal liability. The other day there was to be a great meeting at Tuam—the road to which lay through a little town called Ahascragh where the people were about to erect triumphal arches to welcome the Liberator—the police, under the order of the Magistrates, attempting to remove this obstruction of the highway, the people attacked and beat them off. This seems a very ordinary occurrence, and certainly not, on the face of it, to deserve the strange emotion with which Mr. O'Connell spoke of it at Tuam. The Magistrates, he said, might have been right or wrong in the orders they gave—if wrong, the law would have afforded redress:—

"But the *traitors* of Ahascragh [poor Paddy must be surprised at finding himself denounced as a traitor for cudgelling a policeman in honour of the Liberator]—the *traitors* of Ahascragh, instead of resorting to the law, violated it, and violated at the same time the very first principle of the Repeal Association, which required that there should be no tumult, no rioting, no violence, of any description. He felt so strongly on this subject, that he would blot Ahascragh out of the map of Ireland—refuse to allow a single one of its inhabitants to be enrolled upon the books of the Association, and have them held up to the detestation of the people of Ireland, for having violated the great and beautiful principle of moral force." (Cheers.)—*Speech at Tuam—Times, July 26th.*

And much more to the same effect; all of which seems so extravagantly unlike the man, and so little called for by the occasion, that we were at a loss to account for it till we recollected the vast importance to Mr. O'Connell in keeping these meetings within the very verge of the law, under which he, who has been all his life bullying or evading it, just now finds it convenient to shelter his proceedings.

It is also held that a meeting may be illegal even though its professed object be legal, if its real purpose is to hold up the Queen's Government to the hatred or contempt of the people, or to accomplish any alteration in the laws or constitution by means of intimidation and a demonstration of physical force. To evade this, Mr. O'Connell professes the greatest veneration for the Queen; and just when these demonstrations were about to take place he affixed the title of *LOYAL* to his Association. He further maintains that his Association abjures all physical force—that those are *traitors* to him, as well as to the country, who attempt to employ it—that they mean no change in laws or constitution, but meet simply to *petition* for the repeal of a particular Act of Parliament, as they have been for years and years accustomed and permitted to do, and as Lord John Russell, recently Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, tells them they have the same right to do "as in the case of any other legislative measure."

It has been further said that the enormous numbers assembled constitute, *ipso facto*, an unlawful assembly; but that is not the case. Numbers form a most important ingredient in every such question, and one which would render the law particularly astute in examining the purpose for which they were collected; but mere numbers are not in themselves illegal; 500,000 persons, for instance, assembled to see the ascent of a balloon, would not be an illegal assembly; and if numbers alone constituted illegality, there would be no remedy but to disperse them by force; for it is clear that no single man could be punished because other persons had chosen to come, in great numbers, to a spot where he individually had a right to be. And can any one contemplate, without horror, the probable—may we not say the inevitable—result of any attempt,

on such a point of law, to disperse even the smallest of these meetings by force?

But we are asked, why did not Sir Robert Peel come to Parliament for new powers? and, in reply, let us see with what rational prospect of correcting the evil he could have done so. Nobody doubts that these meetings were likely to excite great alarm in the minds of all her Majesty's peaceable subjects; and that there was, moreover, a probable and constant danger that though Mr. O'Connell was himself anxious to prevent any disturbance, an accidental spark might have blown up a fatal conflagration. It was therefore proper that the Government, though it could not prevent the meeting, should at least do everything in its power to diminish the danger, and should therefore, to the best of their means, be prepared for such a possibility. The police were therefore ready; the troops were on the alert—quietly and unostentatiously, in order to avoid even the semblance of provocation. But the troops and police could only act under the direction of the magistrates. What magistrates?—Ay, there's the rub. Was the Government—responsible in the first degree for the public peace—to leave the force collected for the suppression of these alarming agitations in the hands of magistrates who themselves were agitators, and headed the movement? The immediate danger from those meetings was a breach of the peace—who was to be called upon to keep the peace but the magistrate?—but *quis custodiet ipsos custodes*—what was to be done when magistrates might be the rioters? A magistrate is the responsible servant of the Government, and we all know how severely the Government is charged with every shadow of misconduct that can be imputed to a magistrate. Was there, then, a more obvious, a more legal, a more necessary course than that the Government—it could not control these meetings—should at least take care that no one for whom they were responsible should increase the danger—that no one who held his commission under Victoria, by the Grace of God Queen of the United Kingdom, should employ the weight and authority of his office towards dismembering that kingdom? The Lord Chancellor of Ireland accordingly superseded from the commission of the peace Lord Ffrench, who had published his intentions of presiding at one or two Repeal meetings in the west of Ireland. Could the Lord Chancellor have done otherwise, particularly when the Queen and her Ministers had found it necessary to repeat the declaration of her predecessor that it was the Royal intention to resist with the firmest determination the Repeal of the Union?

This measure, however, just and rational as it appears, occasioned a violent outcry; several magistrates affected to be proud of the martyrdom, and resigned; more persisted in following Lord Ffrench's example, and were like him removed. Copies of the correspondence between the Irish Chancellor and all the removed magistrates have been laid before Parliament, and we must say that it is impossible to imagine more temper and courtesy than the Chancellor has shown throughout this affair—the total number of magistrates superseded or resigned appears to have been somewhere between forty and fifty, and we honestly confess that if we were to judge of their fitness for the magisterial office by the style of their letters, we should say that there are some whose services could be—without any reference to the Repeal question—very well spared. Will those who complain of the torpor of the Ministerial policy deny that this, though a just and necessary, was yet a bold and decided measure, and the first mark of disapprobation with which of late years any Government had ventured to visit Irish agitation? But if they undervalue it, the Opposition does not; and we have seen the endeavours made in both Houses of Parliament to censure this proceeding under the most futile and absurd pretences, and more particularly on the ground which many of the resigning magistrates assumed—though formally and explicitly disavowed and disproved by the Chancellor—that it was an attempt to interfere with the "sacred right of petitioning." We beg our readers to bear this in mind.

But the true position of the Government as to its power of passing any special measures for repressing this agitation, is still more clearly shown by the proceedings on the *Irish Arms Bill*. From about the year 1796—for now near half a century—the disturbed state of Ireland—agrarian riots—robbery of arms—private murders—and political rebellions have rendered necessary special laws for regulating the possession of arms and ammunition. These laws have of late years been consolidated into what has been called the Arms Act, which—in the same spirit that we before mentioned as characterising all repressive legislation in Ireland—has been continued only from year to year, and gradually weakened in its efficacy—the obvious consequence of this species of from-year-to-year legislation being to keep Ireland in a constant fever by periodical debates in which inflammatory topics are always at hand and seldom neglected. The Bill had of late years passed with little observation, as the Tory opposition, instead of embarrassing always aided the Government on any matter tending to the public safety. In 1838, however, Lord Morpeth, then Irish Secretary, found that, in spite of the Lichfield-House Compact, Ireland was becoming more difficult to govern; and instead of merely renewing the old Arms Bill, he proposed one with more effective powers. But he had reckoned without his Irish hosts—they did not approve Lord Morpeth's presuming to insinuate that Ireland needed only additional coercion, and his Lordship, with the usual submission to Lord Melbourne's Government to Irish dictation, abandoned his New Bill, and was too happy to be able to fall back on the old one. In this last session Lord Eliot imitated Lord Morpeth's example by bringing in a bill—less strong indeed than that Lord Morpeth had proposed, but still containing some useful amendments of the old law—amongst others, one so obvious that it is only wonderful that in bills directed chiefly against the robbery of arms, it should have been so long overlooked: namely, the *branding or marking* the arms as they came to be registered. Assuredly in no country but Ireland could it have been for fifty years enacted that arms must be registered to prevent robbery, while the plain and obvious necessity and this easy mode of identifying the arms so registered should never have been thought of. This was the only considerable deviation from the old bill, which had been passed every year *sub silentio*—but now, while Mr. O'Connell was agitating in Ireland at the head of hundreds of thousands, some dozen of his friends in the House of Commons laid hold of this Arms Bill as an occasion to show their animosity if not their strength; and eighteen nights of the most important part of the session were consumed by the most frivolous and pointless, but at the same time obstinate and violent, opposition that we believe the annals of faction can produce. And when it is recollected that Government has, as we have shown, but twelve hours in the week at its disposal for the dispatch of all the business of the country, our readers will not be surprised to hear that this opposition of a dozen members to a bill which had been passed by all administrations for half a century, seriously interrupted the business of the House—necessitated the abandonment of some important measures—contributed to lengthen the session beyond the middle of August, and one time excited apprehensions that it might be indefinitely protracted. But this was not all; for as a further impediment, a general debate on Ireland was interposed, on the motion of Mr. Smith O'Brien, nominally for a committee on Irish grievances, but really and obviously to countenance and



justify Mr. O'Connell's simultaneous proceedings in Ireland. The idle debate—idle for any purpose but the delay of the Arms Bill and the encouragement of agitation—began on the 4th of July and did not terminate till the 12th.

If these obstructions could be interposed to delay such a bill as the Arms Bill—on which the late Ministry, instead of acting as Sir Robert Peel had so often done by them, evaded their duty to either party by the shabby neutrality of absence—what might have been expected if the Government had brought down a new Coercion Bill! Should we not have seen the Opposition zealously united to protect the agitation? We do not believe that at the period of the session when the mischief had become so striking as to justify a direct interference, there would have been time or patience on the part of the House to have passed any such measure, in the face of such an opposition as might be expected—and we see reason to suspect that some who now complain the most loudly of the apathy of the Government would have been amongst the first to abandon the conflict, if the Ministry had been so rash as to engage in one under such circumstances.

But if they had been so disposed, who will tell us what their measure should have been? Those at least who have witnessed how Insurrection Acts, Convention Acts, Proclamation Acts, Coercion Acts, have been alternately braved and evaded, will be slow to assert what would be an effectual remedy under the ever-varying symptoms of this Irish agitation.

"Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo.

We certainly, with all the anxious attention we have for so many years paid to Irish affairs, should not feel ourselves competent—even if we were entitled—to offer any very confident suggestion on that point; but one clear opinion we will venture to avow, that, under recent circumstances, the safest, and, we confidently believe the most effectual and protective, policy, was to do what the Ministry has done—that is, to develop and hold in readiness their existing powers—to tell the agitators, by the emphatic voice of the Duke of Wellington, "WE ARE READY"—and to avoid, as long as possible, the inflammatory effects of a parliamentary agitation on new measures of coercion.

We confess, however, our hope, over sanguine, as it may at this moment appear, that the more immediate danger—that of bloodshed—is, thank God, by no means so great as it appears; and that the ultimate danger of the agitation's effecting its object is altogether visionary. The reasons on which we found these consolatory hopes we shall shortly recapitulate. The first and strongest is our confidence in the justice of our cause—the cause, we mean, of the British Empire—against Mr. O'Connell and the priests, and the ignorant and deluded people whom they have, we trust, rather disturbed than perverted: and, secondly, we rest on that great axiom of politics as well as morals, that falsehood and deception can never be permanently successful. These two reasons, when more closely examined, merge into the last—the justice of our cause is the falsehood and folly of theirs.

It is false—notoriously, undeniably false. 1. That this sedition arises from any recent injustice, or from any grievance for which the present Government can be responsible. 2. That its object is what it pretends to be; or that the Repeal of the Union means, and can mean, anything but Separation. 3. That there is any prospect, or even possibility, of its ultimate success.

Upon these three propositions the agitation professes to be founded; but we have never yet seen any man, heard any speech, or read any argument, that did not, directly or indirectly, admit their falsehood. Even the demagogues themselves, that assert them in the gross, contradict them in the detail; and there is not one of these pretences which we could not victoriously contrast by some contrary admission made to serve some other equally fraudulent purpose.

1. We need do little more than refer to the foregoing pages for proofs that the sedition arises from no recent cause nor from any injustice with which the present Ministry can be charged. We have seen that it began as early as the consummation of the great boon which, we were told, was to tranquillize Ireland for ever, and that it has shown itself as decidedly under what the agitators called friendly administrations as under those that they choose to consider as adverse. We will add but a single fact in support of this point of our case. We before stated that Lord Grey's Government found itself obliged to issue a proclamation on the 13th of January, 1831, against Mr. O'Connell's meetings. That proclamation was published by the Marquis of Anglesey and Lord Stanley, then Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary of Ireland; and, as Lord Palmerston declared in the House of Commons on the 1st of February, 1831, "with the deliberate advice and full concurrence" of his Majesty's then Government. This proclamation ran as follows:—

"ANGLESEY.

"Whereas an association, assembly, or body of persons, assuming the following denominations, or some of them—that is to say, 'the Society of the Friends of Ireland, of all religious persuasions,'—'the Irish Society for Legal and Legislative Relief, or the ANTI-UNION Association,'—'the Association of Irish Volunteers for the REPEAL OF THE UNION,'—'the General Association of Ireland, for the prevention of unlawful meetings, and for the protection and exercise of the SACRED RIGHT OF PETITIONING for the redress of grievances,'—'the Subscribers to the Parliamentary Intelligence-Office, Stephen Street,' and other designations, have, from time to time, held meetings at different places in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of promulgating and circulating seditious doctrines and sentiments, and have endeavoured, by means of inflammatory harangues and publications, to excite and keep alive in His Majesty's subjects in Ireland a spirit of disaffection and hostility to the existing laws and Government. And whereas it hath been made known to us, that other meetings of the said association, assembly, or body of persons, for such purposes, under the aforesaid designations, or some of them, or some other name or names, and under various pretexts and devices, are intended to be held. And whereas we deem the said association, assembly, or body of persons, and the meetings thereof, to be dangerous to the public peace and safety, and inconsistent with the due administration of the law. We, therefore, the Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, being resolved to suppress the same, do hereby prohibit the meeting of the said association, assembly, or body of persons, and every adjourned, renewed, or otherwise continued meeting of the same, or any part thereof, under any name, pretext, or device whatsoever.

"By His Excellency's command,

E. G. STANLEY."

This proclamation puts beyond all doubt, that—even twelve years ago, under the Government which included those Ministers in whom Mr. O'Connell placed the highest confidence, and whose mainstay he afterwards became and to their last gasp continued—he had adopted and pursued the same essential objects that he and his supporters in Parliament now complain of as grievances arising out of Tory oppression. We see that, besides the Repeal of the Union, the same minor topics were urged at that day as at this; and that Mr. Smith O'Brien, and the other magistrates, who are so indignant against Sir Edward Sugden's interference with "the sacred rights of petitioning," are but echoing,

with tardy voices, Mr. O'Connell's complaints of 1831; but with what pretence of consistency, or patriotism, or political honour, could Lord Palmerston, and the other gentlemen who were accessories to this proclamation, and who have subsequently, in various ways, pledged themselves to resist the Repeal of the Union, bring themselves to vote for the motion of Mr. Smith O'Brien, himself a Repealer, which went, in principle and in the details of the debate, to encourage and justify all illegalities against which Lord Anglesey's—that is, *their own*—proclamation was addressed twelve years ago!

2. We need do little more than refer again to our preceding pages for evidence enough of the utter falsehood of pretence that *repeal*, and not *separation*, is the object of the present agitation. We have already quoted the opinion of the Whig Ministers, put into the mouth of the King, and of some of the most influential supporters of those Ministers; and we might quote many passages from some of the less discreet speakers at the Repeal meetings, which avow that nothing short of entire and absolute *national independence* will satisfy Ireland. Mr. O'Connell himself, indeed, in the same spirit which prompted his wrath against "the traitors of Ahascragh"—that is, the fear of compromising himself and his system—still talks of the continuance of British connexion, and professes eternal allegiance to the Crown of England. "Words, words, words,"—which dupe nobody, and are merely, like the many shiftings of the titles of his Association, intended to evade the law. All this our readers are familiar with; but, rather for their amusement than from any necessity of illustrating so clear a case, we shall present them with a rather novel feature. There has been recently established in Dublin a weekly paper, the most violent as well as the most able of all the organs of agitation, and which assumes the emphatic title of "THE NATION;" and, in pursuance of that idea—obviously irreconcilable with anything like British connexion—it treats its readers with such passages as this:—

"And now, Englishmen, listen to us. Though you were to-morrow to give us the best tenures on earth—though you were to equalise Presbyterian, Catholic, and Episcopalian—though you were to give us the amplest representation in your senate—though you were to restore our absentees, disencumber us of your debt, and redress every one of our fiscal wrongs—and though, in addition to all this, you plundered the treasuries of the world to lay gold at our feet, and exhausted the resources of your genius to do us worship and honour—still we tell you—we tell you in the names of liberty and country—we tell you in the name of enthusiastic hearts, thoughtful souls, and fearless spirits—we tell you by the past, the present, and the future—we would spurn your gifts, if the condition were that Ireland should remain a province. We tell you, all whom it may concern, come what may—bribery or deceit, justice, policy, or war—we tell you, in the name of Ireland, that *Ireland shall be a NATION.*"—*The Nation*, No. 40, 15th July, 1843.

This paper, besides prose tirades, of which the foregoing is a specimen, has published a great many short poetical pieces, some of them of considerable beauty of language and imagery, but all, we regret to say, exhibiting the deadliest rancour, the most audacious falsehood, and the most incendiary provocations to war; and, lest they should seem mere fugitive ebullitions, they have been collected into a small volume under the title of the "*Spirit of the Nation*,"—with a vignette emblem of the harp without the Crown.

We shall endeavour to make our selections with as much justice to the poetical merits of the pieces as the necessity of limiting our extracts will allow. The opening strain is not much in harmony with Mr. O'Connell's pledges to British connexion:—

"OURSELVES ALONE.

"The work that should to-day be wrought  
Defer not till to-morrow;  
The help that should within be sought,  
Scorn from without to borrow.  
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—  
They speak in trumpet tone,  
To do at once what is to do,  
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.  
Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,  
In patient hope to bide;  
By dreams of English justice fooled,  
And English tongues that lied.  
That hour of weak delusion's past,  
The empty dream has flown:  
Our hope and strength, we find at last,  
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Remember when our lot was worse—  
Sunk, trampled to the dust;  
'Twas long our weakness and our curse,  
In stranger aid to trust.  
And if, at length, we proudly trod—  
On bigot laws o'erthrown,  
Who won that struggle! Under God,  
Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The foolish word "impossible,"  
At once, for aye disdain;  
No power can bar a people's will  
A people's right to gain.  
Be bold, united, firmly set,  
Nor flinch in word or tone—  
We'll be a glorious nation yet,  
REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE!"—pp. 1, 2.

ALONE!

The following conclusion of a ballad in praise of the district in Ireland the most lawless and the deepest dyed in blood, is hardly more reconcilable with British connexion than this emphatic "ALONE!"

"Let Britain brag her motley rag;  
We'll lift the GREEN more proud and airy;—  
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,  
And head THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.  
Though Britain boasts her British hosts,  
About them all right little care we;  
Give us to guard our native coasts,  
THE MATCHLESS MEN OF TIPPERARY."—p. 4.

The "motley rag" being the Union flag of the empire.  
Then we have a "Song of the United Irishmen:"—



"Tis the green—oh, the GREEN is the colour of the true,  
And we'll back it 'gain the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the BLUE!  
For the colour of our fatherland alone should here be seen—  
'Tis the colour of the martyred dead—our own immortal green."

We need hardly remind our readers that *green* was the colour of the United Irishmen, while that of the *Kingdom of Ireland* is *blue*—heraldically; on a field *azure*, a harp or.

Eulogistic allusions to the dastardly and cruel *Rebellion* of 1798 are frequent, but sometimes it is boldly celebrated as a national triumph:—

"Who fears to speak of *Ninety-Eight*?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriots' fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame?  
He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
Who slights his country thus;  
But a true man, like you, man,  
Will fill the glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
Some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All—all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died;  
All true men, like you, men  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;  
But though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam—  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Then here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite.

Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as theirs your fate;  
And true men be you, men,  
Like those of *Ninety-Eight*."—pp. 48, 49, 50.

These extracts will, we think, sufficiently establish our proposition as to the views of the *Nation* and its patrons, the pretended *Repealers*—we therefore spare our readers more incendiary and less clever ravings about Irish valour, Irish victory, and Irish "*vengeance*"—contrasted with Saxon cruelty, Saxon crime, and Saxon defeat, all inciting the people to rise in unrelenting and relentless war—

"Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow  
Like the billows of *Hell*, with the blood of the foe!"—p. 6.

3. But leaving the bards to hymn the imaginary glories of their imaginary nation, we must say one word on Mr. O'Connell's plan for the constitution of Ireland as a sister kingdom under the same crown—and that word is, that the experiment has been already tried, under the most favourable circumstances, and failed: under the complicated difficulties of our times, such an anomalous connexion could not last six months. Mr. O'Connell, indeed, decrees that the monarch of England *de facto* shall be monarch of Ireland *de jure*—the Queen of England shall be Queen of Ireland. Thank you! but by what authority? By the grace of Mr. O'Connell!—*ipse dixit*. But then, what he chooses to say to-day, he may choose to unsay to-morrow—he has said and unsaid many things in his time—amongst others, he said that he, and Ireland with him, would be quiet and contented if Emancipation were granted—that he has unsaid pretty loudly. What better security have we for the promises of his new constitution?—the absurdity of which is crowned by its concluding clause:—

"9. The connexion between Great Britain and Ireland by means of the power, authority, and prerogatives of the Crown, shall be *perpetual*, and *incapable of change or of any severance or separation*."

Mark—this provision, that the new connexion between the countries shall be "*perpetual*, and incapable of severance or separation," is part of a plan framed by a private gentleman—Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane, Esquire—for dissolving a connexion, formed by King, Lords, and Commons, of the two countries, by a solemn treaty declared by the fundamental article of that great national act to be indissoluble and eternal; or, in its own more comprehensive and almost sublime terms, *FOR EVER*! If the "*FOR EVER*" of the *Act of Union* can be thus set aside, what will be the force or the fate of the "*incapable-of-severance*" paragraph of Mr. O'Connell's Report to the Corn-Exchange Association?

But suppose for a moment the Repeal carried, what is to become of what was the imperial army, navy, revenue, colonies, debt?—how is all that to be settled on any permanent, any intelligible, any possible footing? Ireland cannot, "*ex hypothesi*," revert back to the old state, and do as she did before: the old state was—if Mr. O'Connell pleases to call it so—*Saxon*, but it was at least a *consistent* system—the old Parliament was Saxon, as well as the Crown; and it is one of the charges against it, that in every occasion of conflict it protected Saxon and sacrificed Irish interests—*nous aurons changé tout cela*—and it would be, as Mr. Canning said, not more impossible to revive the Heptarchy than to replace Ireland in the same condition as before the Union. And even the law—what is to be the law of Ireland? The Saxon sovereign, Saxon parliament, Saxon courts, Saxon gentry, Saxon lawyers, introduced, maintained, and practised the Saxon law, commonly called the "*Law of England*;" but what is to be done when everything tinged with the the hated stain of *Saxon* shall be expelled—when that day, anticipated by "*THE VOICE OF THE NATION*," shall arrive?—

"How bright will the day be—how radiant and blest  
The dawning of Freedom and Peace in the west,  
When the chain that foul treason around us had cast  
Will be shattered and flung to the spoiler at last!  
When that trumpet-toned voice will go forth, as before,  
Till its echo resounds on earth's uttermost shore—  
'No laws under Heaven will the Irishman own  
But the home-hallowed laws of his country alone!'"—p. 60.

Home-hallowed law! No more Irish students at Lincoln's Inn—no more of

the dicta of Lord Hardwicke or Lord Mansfield. The first and most pressing duty of the new Irish legislature will be to revive—that is, if they can find the defunct—the old *Brehon* law, and set all their counsellors to study it. Mr. O'Connell will probably look higher than to be himself *Chief Brehon*, though there might be something in that office not repugnant to his taste—for we think that, under that "*home-hallowed law*," the *Brehon* had for his own share one-tenth part of all the fines he inflicted; which, considering the numerous *Saxons* that must necessarily be brought to justice, would needs be considerable—better than the *Rent*! It is really impossible to treat such monstrous absurdities seriously. It was said that two Roman augurs could not look at one another without laughing. We think that two Romanist agitators, with Mr. O'Connell's constitution in their hands, would find it as difficult to keep their countenance.

The only serious or possible result of all this is *Union* or *Separation*! Separation did we say!—Oh no; but an *attempt* at separation, with all its horrors.

Can it be believed that the Irish people are so infatuated as to proceed to actual hostilities in pursuit of so baseless a vision? If they are, no human art can cure, no human help can avail them, and all that would remain for the other parts of the empire is carefully to prepare for and resolutely perform the duty of self-defence and mutual protection, with such force and in such direction as the wickedness and folly of the separatists may render necessary. Come what may, the law must be vindicated, and the Union maintained—but we repeat our confident hope that we are not to be driven to these extremities. Even while we have been writing these lines, that hope has been increased by the publication of Mr. O'Connell's Constitution, which, now to speak seriously of it, is indeed, as the *Times* has called it, a compound "of the coolest effrontery, falsehood, and arrogance that ever was submitted to the notice of rational men." It looks to us like a last shift—an ultimatum of despair; and we grow stronger in the belief that the *Fabian* policy will at last defeat him. What will, what can he do, if he cannot provoke the Government or the Protestants to a collision? He may make a crusade against rents and rates—he may keep the peasantry in a state of insubordination, and the gentry in a state of alarm—but he can no more repeal the Union than he can command "the sun to stand still on Gibeon." He may do some public mischief, and create much individual distress—but while the Government and the Protestants can remain on the defensive, he can do no more; and the mischief may be considered as a temporary inconvenience compared to the calamities that a contrary course would, we think inevitably, produce.

This, we admit, is no satisfactory state, and could not be long endured—but on that point we may console ourselves—it cannot last:—either the agitation must subside by the returning senses of the people, or the Government must come, in the ripe season, to Parliament for some special measures to redeem Ireland from this frightful incubus. It is, to be sure, very grievous to be obliged to bear with such audacious and protracted disturbances—to see one man boarding the empire!—but it is part of the price—a large one we admit in this instance—which we pay for our free constitution, in which the law is so jealously careful of liberty as to be inconveniently indulgent to licence.

But all the blame is not attributable to the inefficiency of the law—the greater share belongs to political Party. If the Whigs had really wished to put down Mr. O'Connell's agitation they might—with the certain co-operation of the Conservatives—have done so long ago; but, except for the short period that Lord Stanley was in the Irish office, they did not wish, nor would have dared, to quarrel with their *Frankenstein*. If last year, or even in the late session, they had come forward to assist the Conservatives, as the Conservatives would have done and often did, to assist them, Mr. O'Connell's agitation might have been—would have been, suppressed. It is powerful not so much by the strength of Mr. O'Connell, nor by the strength of the Irish priests—nor even by the excitability of the Irish people—as by the weakness of the Imperial Parliament: and Parliament is weak by the intervention of party under circumstances in which all party considerations should be merged in considerations of the public safety.

Mr. O'Connell is strong, and Government is clogged, and Parliament itself ineffective—because Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Howick, Mr. Ellice, Mr. Baring, and Mr. Vernon Smith—"with whose deliberate advice and full concurrence" Mr. O'Connell was proclaimed a perturbator of the public peace, and a dangerous engine of sedition—lend their whole weight and talents to the support of such motions as Mr. Smith O'Brien's—the undisguised, we might almost say the avowed object of which was to justify and encourage disturbance and sedition of exactly the same character, but of an infinitely darker and more dangerous complexion than that which they had when in office so solemnly denounced. We entirely agree with Mr. Macdonnell, who has watched the progress of this agitation with so much attention, and who *unmasks* it with so much ability, that the Whigs—even more than Mr. O'Connell, and without any of the excuses which may be made for Mr. O'Connell—are the real authors of this unhappy crisis. Their conduct, both in Government and in Opposition, seems to us to have created, and to have been intended to create, the chief difficulties of their successors: but, on the whole, we have little fear of the result; and we are satisfied that the course taken by the present Ministers is, under all the circumstances, the wisest that could have been adopted. Is it not something that we have already tided over two years of this agitation? and if the moderation and prudence of Ministers should continue to produce similar results for the future, the whole country, and above all, Ireland, will owe them a deep debt of gratitude; if it should not, it will, we trust, produce the next best result—a general readiness on the parts of the Imperial Parliament and the British people to concur in such stronger measures as circumstances may require, and to confer ample and effective powers on a Government whose reluctance to call for them is the best pledge that they will be prudently and firmly employed.

#### IMPENDING REVOLUTIONS IN THE COMMERCIAL INTER-COURSE OF THE WORLD.

Two great revolutions in the commercial intercourse of the globe appear to be impending, which cannot fail to be attended with the most important consequences to the progress of civilization. These are—

1st. The re-opening the ancient route between Europe and the East Indies, by Egypt and the Red sea, which must inevitably result from the improvements in steam navigation and the founding a new Mahomedan dynasty on the banks of the Nile.

2d. The opening a new route from Europe and the United States to the East Indies and the western coasts of America, by an artificial communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, across the isthmus which connects the two continents of North and South America.

The vast importance of the latter to the world in general cannot admit of a question; and its importance to the United States is enhanced by the increased facilities which the construction of a canal such as that originally attempted to



be established by the Ptolemies across the Isthmus of Suez must give to the commercial intercourse of Europe and Asia. From the earliest ages of human history the commerce of India has been regarded as the perennial source of wealth and surest basis of maritime power. Venice and Genoa carried it on by Egypt and the Black Sea. When Vasco de Gama discovered the new route by the Cape of Good Hope, these flourishing commercial republics fell from their high and palmy state of prosperity. The most strenuous efforts are now making to re-open these old channels of trade, and discover new routes into the heart of Asia. Lines of steamers are established from Marseilles and Trieste to Alexandria and Beyrout. Other lines descend the Danube, now connected with the Rhine by the Ludwig canal, and from thence sail across the Black sea to Trebizond. The rulers of the Austrian empire are not slumbering, as many suppose, but are deeply considering how its vast natural resources may be best developed by the application of steam-power by land and by sea. When the railroad communication shall have been completed from Vienna to Trieste, the Mediterranean, the Black sea, the Baltic, and the German ocean will be completely knit together; and Central and Northern Europe will have the choice of three routes to the East—by the Rhine, the Danube, and the Black sea; by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf; and by the Rhine, the Danube, the Adriatic, the Nile, and the Red sea. Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany are all striving to outstrip each other in this race. Europe seeks to avoid the lengthened route round the Cape of Good Hope by connecting the Mediterranean with the Red sea and the Persian gulf. We must seek to avoid the lengthened route round Cape Horn by connecting the Caribbean sea with the Pacific ocean. The French engineers who planned the canal across the Isthmus of Suez during Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, calculated that it would save one-third the distance and one-fifth the time in navigating from the southern ports of France to the East Indies. The United States would save at least 10,000 miles of distance and a proportional amount of time in their navigation to the northwest coast of America and to China by substituting the route across the isthmus which connects the two American continents for that round Cape Horn. The opening a water communication from one sea to the other, somewhere between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of Darien, thus becomes of vital importance to us. Our national interests, commercial, political, and social, are all deeply involved in the question. The necessity of competing with other rival nations for the new trade now opening with the Celestial empire, from which the veil of mystery has been rudely torn; of exerting our established commerce with the western coasts of the two American continents and the Polynesian archipelago; of giving increased facilities to the whale-fishery, and of establishing a more direct communication with our territories beyond the Rocky mountains and our naval stations in the Pacific ocean: all these circumstances combine to augment the importance and urgency of this great question. A new and increased interest has been given to the subject by the measures adopted at the last session of Congress for establishing diplomatic intercourse with China and the independent isles of the Pacific; by the vast schemes of colonization already in a train of execution by Great Britain in Australasia and New Zealand; and by the recent discussion in the French Chambers upon those planned by France. It is not meant that our government should seek exclusive advantages for itself or its citizens. Such great artificial communications between the continents of both hemispheres ought to be free, like the natural passages of the straits, the sounds, the gulfs, and the great rivers which wash the shores of different countries; and for this purpose these works ought to be considered as held in trust by the nation within whose territory they may be constructed for the common use of all mankind. There is surely enough of the spirit of mutual concession, of respect for the public law of the civilized world, and of political wisdom among the maritime powers principally interested, to devise regulations by which the passage, once marked out and rendered practicable by the construction of artificial works, may be neutralized and enjoyed in common by all nations, upon the payment of moderate and reasonable tolls, according to the principles laid down by the Congress of Vienna in respect to the navigation of the great European rivers.

The illustrious philosopher to whom we are so much indebted for our knowledge of the geography of the American continents, in speaking more than five and thirty years ago on this subject, of which he has never since lost sight, uses the following emphatic expressions: "When a canal of communication shall unite the two oceans, the productions of Nootka sound and of China will be brought nearer to Europe and the United States by more than two thousand leagues. Then, and then only, will mighty changes be effected in the political state of Oriental Asia; for this narrow tongue of land, against which the waves of the Atlantic have so long beat in vain, has been for ages the bulwark of the independence of China and Japan."<sup>†</sup>

Hunt's Merchant's Mag.

#### MASSACRE OF THE NESTORIAN CHRISTIANS

The Pacha of Mosul, a city on the western banks of the Tigris, opposite to the ancient Ninevah, had determined upon attempting the subjugation of the Independent Nestorians, inhabiting the Koordistan mountains. To render his success the more certain, he obtained the assistance of some of the predatory tribes of Koords, who inhabit a large portion of the country surrounding the abode of the Nestorians, and towards whom they entertain an implacable hostility. The combined forces succeeded in penetrating to the centre of Tiyrari, one of the most populous districts of the mountains, containing about 5000 inhabitants. Here a dreadful carnage took place: the full details have not yet reached us; but from the accounts now before us, we learn that the villages and churches were given up to the flames, the crops were completely destroyed, and men, women, and children were indiscriminately slaughtered. The sword of the followers of the False Prophet was once more steeped in the blood of Christians; and the sanguinary Koords glutted their revenge on the hardy mountaineers, whose very name was a source of terror to them. Several brothers of the Patriarch were slain, his mother was sawn asunder, and his sister horribly mutilated; while he himself with difficulty effected his escape, and fled to Mosul, where he placed himself under the protection of the British Vice Consul. The letters bringing this melancholy news do not mention the number of Christians who have fallen a sacrifice to the intrigues of the agents of Rome, and we deeply regret to be obliged to add, to the injudicious conduct (to use the mildest language) of the Rev. Mr. Badger, whose zeal for episcopacy appears to have committed him to a determined hostility to the American Presbyterian missionaries, to the disinterestedness and success of whose labours ample testimony is borne by all the accounts which we have seen. The following extract from a letter from Constantinople will explain the immediate cause of the expedition against the Nestorians, and confirm, as far as it goes, what we have said respecting the conduct of the European agents in the affair:—"Du-

ring last winter, the three parties—the American, the Puseyite, and the Roman Catholic—have waged an open warfare among themselves. The Americans, who were first in the field, and whom strict justice compels us to admit were without blame, only acted on the defensive; the influence they had already acquired amongst the Nestorians enabled them, without much difficulty, to retain their position. Their efforts had been for some years successfully directed to the improvement of the mountaineers, among whom they had established schools and whose confidence they had completely won. The object of the two remaining parties was to eject the Americans, and to establish their own influence. They did not act in concert, for their mutual enmity equalled their hostility to the Americans. No means were left untried to effect their object. The agents of the Church of Rome received the earnest co-operation, in fact became the tools of the French political agents. Mr. Badger enjoyed the support of the British local authority. A report began to prevail that the Americans were assisting the Nestorians to build forts in their mountains. The ignorant inhabitants of the surrounding districts, and their governor, the Pacha of Mosul, readily believed the assertion. For some time access to the mountains, from the west, was denied to the American missionaries. Mr. Badger and the Papists renewed their separate attacks. Both had interviews with the Patriarch, and both believed that they had established their influence. The suspicions of the Pacha of Mosul were excited; from both parties he received accusations against their respective adversaries, tending to increase his alarm. Mr. Badger pointed out the danger of Roman Catholicism and French influence in the mountains; the French, in return, the danger of English influence."

We have seen the result in the combination of the Moslem and the Koord, and the massacre of the innocent Nestorians. Had Mr. Badger cordially co-operated with the American missionaries, instead of representing them as heretics, we are persuaded that this disastrous affair would not have happened. But the principal agent—the prime mover in this tragedy—was the Church of Rome. From the time when they first received the Gospel from the apostolic heralds of mercy, up to the present day, the Nestorians have retained the purity of their faith; and although, from the combined influence of many adverse causes, the flame which once burned on their altars with a brightness scarcely equalled, and certainly never surpassed, by any other branch of the Christian Church, had become dim, and seemed almost on the point of expiring, they still retained with an undying tenacity, the form of sound words which they had received from their first teachers in its primitive purity. For centuries did they nobly fulfil their high calling and the labours of the devoted men who traversed from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, planted the standard of the cross upon the shores of the Indian ocean, followed the wandering hordes of Tartars through their trackless wastes, and lifted up their voice among the teeming myriads of China, form a memorable epoch in the history of the Christian Church. And when, at length the desolating scourge of Mohammedanism rolled in like a flood upon the east, they nobly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints; and found a secure asylum in the munition of their native mountains, which presented an impenetrable barrier even to the victorious Omar. As we have seen, they have as sternly withstood the overtures of the Church of Rome—alike uninfluenced by her blandishments and her threats. This is the key to the tragedy which has just been enacted. Unable to obtain by honest means the ascendancy which she sought, she unmask herself, and stands forward in an attitude which involuntarily conjures up the scenes of Goa and the Spanish Inquisition. Most sincerely do we sympathise with the remnant of the Independent Nestorian Church, and happy shall we be if the fact that the patriarch has taken refuge in the British Vice Consulate leads to the shield of England's power being thrown over his afflicted countrymen.

#### Miscellaneous Articles.

##### ELLISTON AND DOWTON.

Whilst on the subject of "outrages" we must beg leave to narrate an act of surpassing audacity to the cost of poor Downton. In the old Drury Lane theatre, many of the dressing-rooms were on the level of the landing beneath the stage. During the representation of some piece, wherein Downton had to be lowered by means of a trap through the stage, his face being turned towards the audience, Elliston and De Camp, who were concealed below, had provided themselves with small rattan canes, and as their brother actor, who was playing a serious part, was slowly descending to solemn music, they applied their sticks sharply and rapidly to the thinly-clad calves of his legs. Poor Downton, whose duty it was to look as dignified and intrenchant as a ghost, smarting under the pain, could scarcely refrain the expression of it by a positive screech, whilst he curvetted with his heels, like a horse in Ducrow's arena. Choking with rage, he was at length wholly let down, and being now completely out of sight of the audience, he looked earnestly round to discover the base perpetrators of the violence. Elliston and his companion had, of course, absconded—it was decamp with each of them; but at this moment, Charles Holland, dressed to the very finish of fashion, worthy of Cibber himself, was crossing from one of the rooms. The enraged actor, mistaking his man, and believing, by Holland's imperturbability of manner, he was in fact the real offender, seized a mop, at that moment immersed in most unseemly water, and thrusting it in his face, utterly destroyed wig, ruffles, pointlace, and every particular of his elaborate attire. In vain Holland protested his innocence, and implored for mercy—his cries only whetted the appetite of the other's revenge, and again, and again, the saturated mop was at work over his finery. Somewhat appeased at last, Downton quitted his victim; but in the mean time, the prompter's bell had announced the commencement of the piece in which Holland was to have appeared. What was to be done? The drama was proceeding—Holland already called to the stage! all was confusion thrice confounded. An apology for "for the sudden indisposition of Mr. Holland" was made, and the public informed that De Camp had "kindly undertaken to go on for the part."

Ainworth's Magazine.

##### FEEDING OR ORTOLANS.

Perhaps the greatest refinement in fattening is exhibited in the manner of feeding ortolans. The ortolan is a small bird, esteemed a great delicacy by Italians. It is the fat of this bird which is so delicious; but it has a peculiar habit of feeding, which is opposed to its rapid fattening—this is, that it feeds only at the rising of the sun. Yet this peculiarity has not proved an insurmountable obstacle to the Italian gourmands. The ortolans are placed in a warm chamber, perfectly dark, with only one aperture in the wall. Their food is scattered over the floor of the chamber. At a certain hour in the morning, the keeper of the birds places a lantern in the orifice of the wall; the dim light thrown by the lantern on the floor of the apartment induces the ortolans to believe that the sun is about to rise, and they greedily consume the food upon the floor. More food is now scattered over it, and the lantern is withdrawn. The ortolans, rather surprised at the shortness of the day, think it their duty to fall asleep, as night has spread his sable mantle round them. During sleep, little

\* A Letter from the Hon. H. Wheaton, United States Minister at Berlin, addressed to J. Markoe, Jr., Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the National Institute at Washington.  
† Humboldt, Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne, tome i., p. 212. Second edition. The first edition was published in 1808.



of the food being expended in the production of force, most of it goes to the formation of muscle and fat. After they have been allowed to repose for one or two hours, in order to complete the digestion of the food taken, their keeper again exhibits the lantern through the aperture. The rising sun a second time illuminates the apartment; and the birds, awaking from their slumber, apply themselves voraciously to the food on the floor; after having discussed which, they are again enveloped in darkness. Thus the sun is made to shed its rising rays into the chamber four or five times every day, and as many nights follow its transitory beams. The ortolans thus treated become like balls of fat in a few days.

Playfair in the Journal of the Agricultural Society.

#### THE NATIVE RACES OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Esquimaux inhabiting all the arctic shores of America have doubtless originally spread from Greenland, which was peopled from northern Europe; but their neighbours, the Loucheux of Mackenzie River, have a clear tradition that their ancestors migrated from the westward, and crossed an arm of the sea. The language of the latter is entirely different from that of the other known tribes who possess the vast region to the northward of a line drawn from Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, across the Rocky Mountains, to New Caledonia. These, comprehending the Chipewyans, the Copper Indians, the Beaver Indians of Peace River, the Dog-ribs and Hare Indians of Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake, the Threanians, Naharians, and Dahadimnehs of the Mountains, and the Carriers of New Caledonia, all speak dialects of the same original tongue. Next to them succeed the Crees, speaking another distinct language, and occupying another great section of the continent, extending from Lesser Slave Lake through the woody country on the side of the Saskatchewan River, by Lake Winnipeg to York Factory, and from thence round the shores of Hudson and James bays. South of the fiftieth parallel, the circles of affinity contract, but are still easily traced. The Carriers of New Caledonia, like the people of Hindostan, used till lately to burn their dead; a ceremony in which the widow of the deceased, though not sacrificed as in the latter country, was compelled to continue beating with her hands upon the breast of the corpse while it slowly consumed on the funeral pile, in which cruel duty she was often severely scorched.

Discoveries on the North-west Coast of America.

#### SUPPLY OF WATER TO BARCLAY'S BREWHOUSE.

The water used for brewing is that of the river Thames, pumped up, by means of a steam engine, through a large iron main, the main passing under the malt warehouses, and leading to the reservoirs in the open court of the brewery. These cisterns present a fine combination of strength with elegance. Fifteen iron columns, each nearly half a yard in diameter, are ranged in three rows of five each, and on the top of these columns is the lower cistern, a cast-iron vessel about 32 feet long by 20 feet wide, and several feet deep. From this cistern rise the supports by which a second one, about the same size as the former, is upheld; and a light staircase leads up from the ground to the upper cistern. The whole structure, probably reaching an elevation of 40 feet, is of cast-iron. By these means, then, the establishment is supplied with a reservoir of water for brewing, the water flowing into the various vessels from the cisterns, by the usual kinds of apparatus; and the importance of these arrangements may be judged from the fact 100,000 gallons of water, on an average, are required for the services of the brewery every day. There is a well on the premises, not far from the cisterns; but the water obtained from thence is employed principally, on account of its temperature, to aid the cooling of the beer in hot weather. All the pumps by which the water is conveyed from the Thames to the cisterns, and from the cisterns to the brewing vessel, as well as various machinery used in the brewhouse, are worked by steam-engines situated near the water cisterns. There are two engines; one of forty-five and the other of thirty horse-power, used together or separate, according to the extent of operations at different times.

Days at the Factories.

#### FEROCITY OF THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

On the way from Balasore to Bustom, in Bengal, is a very extensive and dense jungle verging upon the high road, and it is by no means an unusual circumstance for travellers travelling by dawk in the above tract, at dawn of day, to perceive a huge tiger crossing the road from one side of the jungle to the other, within a very short distance of their palanquin. It very rarely happens, however, that any molestation is offered by these ferocious beasts of prey to a posse comitatus of people provided with lighted torches; but if a single passenger were progressing on his route through these dreary wilds, he would be inevitably carried off into the jungle and devoured. It is calculated that 370 natives, upon an average, are destroyed annually by tigers on the different farnas of the Sunderbunds, and so exceedingly daring and intrepid are these animals that they will boldly swim the estuaries of the Bay of Bengal and attack the dandeers in their boats. In June last, during the rains, an instance of this kind occurred near the estate of a Mr. Broadhead, of the Bombay marine. A boatman, in a "dingee," was paddling a short distance off from the shore, when he espied a royal Bengal tiger making after him. He immediately redoubled his speed, but finding his adversary gaining rapidly upon him he became alarmed for his safety, and abandoning his barque plunged into the water. The sanguinary brute, nothing disappointed, still continued to pursue his quarry, the man diving the instant he found his enemy approaching him. As the poor fellow rose to the surface for the purpose of venting, he was capable of distinguishing the relative position between himself and the tiger, and contrived by that means to keep at a safe distance from his pursuer, until the latter, completely worn out and exhausted, and finally foiled in his sanguinary object, turned back towards the jungle.

#### A NEW BLASTING MACHINE.

During the past few weeks, several interesting experiments have been tried with a new invention for exploding gunpowder. The apparatus used, although merely a model or small machine for showing the principle of the invention, is capable of exploding several charges simultaneously, at distances from one to two hundred feet. The agent employed in this plan is common electricity, collected in Leyden jars. It will occur to those who know any thing of electricity, that it cannot be produced save in very dry weather. The inventor, Mr. R. W. Thomson, a young Scotch engineer, has overcome this difficulty by a truly ingenious discovery. He surrounds the battery and cylinder by an atmosphere kept dry by art: in other words, he encloses the apparatus in an air-tight box. The provision for drying, and keeping dry, the air in this box is extremely simple—a small vessel containing some dried chloride of calcium being placed inside is all that is required. So great an affinity has this substance for water, that it absorbs all the moisture from the air in the box, and quickly renders it perfectly dry. The box being air-tight, the air contained in it of course remains dry, notwithstanding the dampness of the atmosphere. The wires being previously arranged, the electricity is discharged through the bursting cartridges, one of these being placed in each bore or mine. In this plan of blasting, unlike the galvanic method, the whole of the electricity goes through each burst-

ing cartridge, the conducting wires being cut, and the ends placed a little apart. Of course a spark takes place, and explodes the substance of which these cartridges are made. The expense and inconvenience of working galvanic batteries have altogether prevented their general introduction; and although by their means the advantages of simultaneous blasting have been clearly established, yet they have proved too complicated to be used in this way in ordinary excavating or quarrying operations. Mr. Thomson's electrical exploding machine is certainly on a much more convenient and simple plan, and will quickly recommend itself to those who are engaged in excavating or quarrying works.

#### MARKS OF DISTINCTION.

In Russia, a pair of epaulettes is a pair of virtues. If they have bullion, they are angelic. If the bullion is that of a general they are divine, and worshipped accordingly. They are worn, as well as the cocked hat, whenever the owner goes abroad; a great hardship upon a service so miserably paid, and one that renders the life of an unlucky subaltern as shabby as his exterior is smart. The Russian officers are not becomingly dressed. I saw not a handsome uniform at the review. The cocked hat especially, is miserable; and the plume, whether green or white, resembles the tail of a cock which is undergoing salivation. I confess I thought it bad taste in the emperor to wear a military uniform. It is so levelling a costume. An emperor should have a dress peculiar to himself. It need not be gaudy, but it should be distinct. The ancient garb of his native land were the most appropriate. But, if it be not distinct from all others, it should be distinct from that of any profession. The simple dress of a gentleman, of whom the king is but the chief. Although myself a military man, I was not a little disgusted with the homage paid to military rank. So long as my epaulettes were up, the deepest deference was mine; but, when I laid them aside for a silk travelling surtout, I could scarcely procure any attendance at the inns and posthouses; and it was fortunate for me that my companion, Pekoffski, wore his uniform. At a little inn, near Vladimir, a gentleman and his lady, a beautiful young creature, drew up in two travelling carriages. They were journeying in much better style than myself. His exterior was prepossessing, and he was handsomely dressed. He also wore the cross of an order at his button hole. He was such an one as a fat English innkeeper would have bowed to with the deepest reverence, and would have set upon until he had squeezed out of him a pretty penny. He had, in short, a thousand virtues, but he had one crime; he was a civilian, and a retired civilian; and he was here regarded with a neglect amounting to insolence; and, had I not interfered in his behalf, would not have been able to procure the commonest refreshment for his wife, or for himself; far less, horses for the continuance of his journey. Perhaps, the position of his sweet and interesting wife, whom I saw sitting, neglected, in the carriage, and could not persuade to alight and partake with us, may have made me unusually indignant; but, I confess, I felt some disposition to be ashamed of my profession as a soldier, when I perceived the value set upon the distinction by every ignoble mind. The scorn of such we regard with indifference, but their homage is humiliating. In passing afterwards through France, I thought that, this also being a military government, a military garb might be useful. But I rather think it there is synonymous with poverty, the full odium of which is better understood in an over-peopled land, than in a land still rich in the necessities of life. In England, the rareness of the costume gives it consequence, excepting at military stations. In Italy it is respected, and in Greece detested, as confounding its wearer with the abhorred Gothic locusts of the land.

Captain Abbott's Journey to Khiva &c.

#### Foreign Summary.

**THE DANCE OF JUSTICE.**—A curious incident occurred during the ball given at Cork in honour of the British Association, which exemplified the adroitness of the Irish police. A number of the swell mob honoured Cork with a visit for the occasion, some of whom came express from London, and among them were several female practitioners. The crowded ball-room afforded ample field for displaying their skill, and thither of course they repaired. An inspector of police, dressed in ball costume, having observed one of these ladies appropriating a gentleman's purse, procured an introduction to the fair one, and obtained the honour of her hand for the next quadrille. The gentleman, of course, in the pauses of the dance, did the agreeable to the lady; she, on her part, lavishing blandishments on her military-looking admirer. The dance ended, the gentleman's arm was offered for a promenade, and when near the door he quietly resigned his fair partner into the hands of a brother officer, about whose appearance there could be no mistake.

**PRINCE ALEXANDER OF THE NETHERLANDS, AT THE BREMAR GATHERING.**—The presence of a royal prince at one of those athletic exhibitions, a "gathering" in the Highlands of Scotland, is an event so unusual, that the Braemar meeting this year possessed an extraordinary attraction to the "men of the mountains." The Duke of Leeds, with his followers in full Highland garb, and many of the gentry, collected at the park-gate, and the noble duke received the royal prince there on his arrival from Mar-lodge. General Sir A. Duff, president of the society, Lord Elcho, and a party welcomed his royal highness at the castle. The Highland games then commenced, such as putting the stone, running, throwing the hammer, tossing the bar, leaping, dancing the strathspey and sword dance; and at the conclusion of the amusements prizes were awarded to those competitors who had distinguished themselves in the various games. At the termination of the sports, about 200 persons sat down to a grand repast at the Castle.

**MONUMENT TO MRS. SIDDONS.**—We rejoice to see it stated that Mr. Campbell, the distinguished Scottish sculptor, has proceeded far with his commission in executing the monument to the memory of Mrs. Siddons. The accession to the subscription fund made through the exertions of Mr. Macready will, we think, enable the artist to make it worthy of her genius and his own.

**MUNIFICENT GIFT.**—It is in contemplation to form an institution for the relief of decayed merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen in Leeds; and at a preliminary meeting held at the Court-house last week, the Rev. Dr. Hook in the chair, the object of the meeting was fully detailed by Mr. Sidney (of the firm of Sidney and Hall,) and that gentleman concluded his address by announcing his intention of giving a donation of 500 guineas.

**CRICKET.**—The great match of cricket between Sussex (with Mr. A. Mynn) and all England was commenced at Brighton on Monday, and terminated on Wednesday in favour of all England by 54 runs, after some very fine play on both sides. The match was for the benefit of Box, the Sussex wicket keeper. Upwards of 4000 persons paid for admission to the ground.

**On dit** that the Marquis of Londonderry has been blackballed by the Carlton club.

On Tuesday the daughter of Victor Hugo and her husband were drowned in the river Seine.



The parliament houses are proceeding rapidly; the ornaments on the outside are sculptured figures of the sovereigns of this country, from the remotest period down to her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. The time of Oliver Cromwell's protectorate is left blank.

Potatoes are so plentiful in Ireland, that they may be had in many places at one penny per stone.

A Havre journal announces, that it is intended to erect a column at Trepont, to commemorate her majesty's visit, to be crowned by two allegorical impersonations of France and England holding each other by the hand.

**EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.**—A fatal but extraordinary duel took place a few days since in the commune of Maisonsfort (Seine-et-Oise). Two gentlemen, named Lenfant and Maldant, having quarrelled over a game of billiards, drew lots who should first throw the red ball at his adversary's head. Chance favoured M. Maldant, who threw the ball with such force and correct aim at the forehead of the other as to kill him on the spot.

**INTERCHANGES OF COURTESY.**—Many decorations of the legion of honour were distributed by Louis Philippe among her majesty's suite, previous to their departure from Eu. It is said that Queen Victoria left one thousand guineas to be distributed among the servants of the chateau. On Wednesday last Prince Albert visited the infantry barracks, and left one thousand francs for each company. Seeing an ammunition loaf on a shelf, his royal highness broke off a piece and ate it; and, observing a smile among the soldiers, inquired to whom it belonged. The owner modestly came forward, to whom the prince laughingly apologized, and presented him with a louis d'or. The queen has conferred the highest rank in the order of the bath on the Prince de Joinville.

There has been for some time past a considerable emigration to America going on from the port of London: the emigrants are chiefly of the better class, very few steerage passengers being amongst the number. One of these ships cleared out of the Katherine Dock on Friday last, with fifty cabin passengers.

Political incarcerations have taken place in several provinces of Austria, Italian as well as German. The persons imprisoned are belonging, or suspected of belonging, to the sect of the communists. The members of this utopian and most anarchical sect are daily increasing throughout Germany, Switzerland, Tyrol, and the different states of Italy.

In addition to the 25,000*l.* left by the Queen of England to be distributed generally amongst the servants of the household of the King of the French, she gave 1,000*l.* to each of the servants who were specially attached to her person. His Royal Highness Prince Albert left 2,500*l.* to be distributed amongst the poor of the town of Eu.

**THE FACULTY OF IDEALITY.**—We never met with a bliss, but we imagine a greater; we never met with a success, but we imagine a more triumphant; we never gather a harvest in the field of truth, but we imagine a more abundant; we never gaze on a scene of nature, but we imagine a lovelier; we never contemplate a work of art, but we imagine a more sublimely conceived and a more elaborately finished. In these various cases, it is the poetical faculty within us that speaks; and which speaks thus, not, as might at first appear, to fill us with useless discontent, but to pervade us with higher pleasures than what could have fallen to our lot, if what we saw and attained perfectly succeeded in satisfying the yearnings of our bosom. If there was a definite attainable goodness, or a definite attainable truth, or a definite attainable beauty, our life would cease to be life, and our mind to be mind. It is in the search for the unattainable that our attainable felicity is placed. In our wanderings through heaven and earth, through space and time, our heart bounds rapturously at every renewed rush of our daring footsteps, not on account of the conquests that we have already gained, or the path of progress over which we have rapidly swept, but on account of the heights that are still above us, and the wonders that are still before us. All poetry, by whatever name it may name itself, is a picture of our wondrous march towards the unattainable.

**THE WOMEN OF IRELAND.**—It is to their high honour that women were the first to use their pens in the service of Ireland—we do not mean politically but morally. For a number of years, a buffoon, a knave, and an Irishman, were synonymous terms in the novel, or on the stage. Abroad, to be met with in every country, and in the first society in Europe, were numberless Irishmen, whose conduct and character vindicated their country, and who did credit to human nature; but in England more particularly, such were considered as exceptions to the general rule, and the insulting jibe and jeer were still directed against the "mere Irish;" the oppressed peasant at home and abroad was considered as nothing beyond a "born thrall;" and despite the eloquence of their Grattans and Sheridans, the high standing taken by their noblemen and gentlemen in the pages of history, when an Irish gentleman in every-day life was found what he ought to be, his superiority was too frequently referred to with the addition of an insulting comment, "though he is an Irishman." When this prejudice was at its height, two women, with opposite views and opposite feelings on many subjects, but actuated by the same ennobling patriotism, rose to the rescue of their country—Miss Owenson by the vivid romance, and Miss Edgeworth by the stern reality of portraiture, forcing justice from an unwilling jury! spreading abroad the knowledge of the Irish character, and portraying, as they never had been portrayed before, the beauty, generosity, and devotion of Irish nature—it was a glorious effort, worthy of them and of the cause—both planted the standard of Irish excellence on high ground, and defended it boldly and bravely, with all loyalty, in accordance with their separate views.

Mrs. Hall's Ireland.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—It appears that, during the last eight years of its active operations, the Society has expended its astronomical investigation, &c., £2,200; in tidal observations £1,550; in meteorological observations £1,400; in experiments and observations on the forms of vessels £900; in experiments on the manufacture of iron £400; and in inquiries connected with medicine, botany, zoology, chemistry, and other branches of science, to the amount of nearly £5,000. A great variety of other subjects, both interesting and important, were brought forward at the Cork meeting. As respects the funds of the Association, it appears that there is a balance in hand of £496 4*s.* 1*d.* The property of the Association consists of funded property £5,500 which, with assets, made a total of £6,705. Lord Rosse was elected President in the room of the Marquis of Northampton, whose year of office has expired. It was determined that the next Anniversary Meeting of the Association should be held at York in September, 1844.

While the company waited on the pier at Brighton, expecting the arrival of her Majesty, the intuitive sagacity of the chief officer of the Brighton police, Solomon, was surprisingly developed. A gentleman to all appearance, and well dressed, strolled up the bridge, when Solomon addressed him with the observation, "that there were too many visitors on the pier by one." The gentleman eyed the officer, who was in plain clothes, from head to foot, and asked, "What do you mean?" "There are too many on the pier by one," replied Solomon.

"What do you mean, sir?" again demanded the gentleman. "You understand me," said Solomon; "be off, and if you want to know who I am, inquire for me to-morrow at the Town-hall." Without making any further reply the gentleman walked off. Solomon declared that he never saw the man before, but that the expression of his countenance convinced him that he was a pickpocket.

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## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1843.

The Great Western Steam Ship arrived last Saturday, after a rapid passage of less than 14 days. She does not bring any intelligence save that her Majesty the Queen had safely returned from Belgium.

Notwithstanding the almost superabundant proof of the prudence of ministers in the affair of Irish repeal, the *Britannia*, a generally well-conducted English paper, and a few others of the same stamp, still continue their invectives against the government, and cry out against its supine conduct. This, too, against arguments which they themselves advance, and thus affording one instance more to the ten thousand which have preceded it, of the difficulty which mankind feel in retracting a false or erroneous principle. The editor of the *Britannia* has pronounced *ex cathedra* that the true way to deal with the repealers is by coercion, by treating them as a treasonable assembly, and by putting them down with a strong hand. Various casual remarks in the same paper subsequently shew that these notions have undergone or are undergoing a modification, yet consistency prevents the acknowledgment of error.

We see by the latest accounts that the fire of Repeal slackens apace, the promise of a College Green parliament by Christmas has no prospect of fulfilment, the rent is in decreased amounts, action there is none, although words are in plenty, the Queen's speech at the prorogation has shewn the deluded multitudes that her Majesty is decided in her tone respecting Repeal, and although O'Connell endeavours to persuade them that the Queen is but the mouth-piece of the ministry, there are but few whom he can persuade, and the greater part are already beginning to have their apprehensions as to the final results of the great agitator. All things, therefore, forebode a breaking up of this faction, an exorcism of this evil spirit, and we have little doubt that in a very short time it will crumble into as many pieces as there have been persons connected with it. Its folly will be manifest, its objects will be found chimerical, and, after so wild and protracted a storm there will follow almost as profound a calm. Not at once, of course, for a storm always throws its froth and scum to the surface, which must be carried off before the lovely and smooth face of the waters can be entirely restored.

But the *Britannia* would persuade us that, when the present Repeal agitation shall be checked, "an intelligible hint will be given" to the dupes, that "peaceful agitation is useless," and consequently that the dispersed thousands will then commence all sorts of private devastation and mischief. This argument is an exceedingly weak one, for the dispersion will be accompanied with sorrowful convictions that they have been betrayed where they trusted, that they have been the tools of an artful demagogue, who has at once deceived their understanding, plundered their property, and put their very liberties into jeopardy. They will then no longer be hoodwinked by "intelligible hints," but will much more probably try what peaceful behaviour and loyal demonstrations can do, to restore them to the comfort and happiness which artful men have disturbed. They will be the more likely to act thus from the knowledge which will press upon them that the hands of the government are strong, that points of defence, aye and of offence, are presented in every quarter, that they are placed, as they necessarily ought to be, under a salutary surveillance, until they exhibit fair assurances of a return to loyalty and obedience.

The recklessness of the agitator's heart lately, has instigated him to point out distinguished characters, inimical to his proceedings whom he would fain make the objects of his followers' hate, and would stir up the fires of vengeance to be secretly wreaked on the devoted heads of those whom he has singled out. But his time has gone by for such mischief. Ignorant as most of his followers are, the mists of delusion are becoming dissipated, and all begin to pause and watch the signs of the times ere they commit themselves any farther.

On a review of O'Connell's most recent speeches we are struck with the resemblance between him and his great opponent Lord Brougham, when under similar circumstances. The latter upon finding himself powerless and disregarded by all parties, took his revenge by uttering invectives on all sides, lashing himself to fury, and pouring out his tirades of abuse on all who came within the scope of his ire. Even so does the agitator; his mouth has become as foul with calumny and vulgar scolding, as his heart is with selfishness and mischief. But he is fluttering like a moth round a candle, he will soon singe his wings, he will fall and be—no, he will not be—speedily forgotten. The mischiefs which he has done to Ireland will cause many a day's wailing by the families who have been dragged into the vortex: yet, as good frequently springs from evil, we may hope the same result to Ireland after she shall have returned to her allegiance.

We are abundantly confirmed in the opinion we have all along expressed with regard to the Duke of Victory, *Espartaco*, namely, that he alone in these times is the man capable of saving Spain from ultra anarchy, if not from loss of both name and sovereignty; and that it would not be long before he would be both



needed and called for in the hour of peril. We reiterate this, notwithstanding the report that a remonstrance is to be sent to the English court against the manner of his reception there. Such a remonstrance, even if it should be sent would be a mere *vox et præterea nihil*, a *brutum fulmen* from one of the transient powers that be, but whose powers may be passing away even whilst its arrogant message is in course of delivery. The Duke of Victory is yet to all intents and purposes the Regent of Spain, appointed in a legal manner, and with all the due formalities; and although he has been obliged to retire before a faction, and government *de facto* has been recognised by foreign ministers at the court of Madrid, Espartero has not yet been deprived in regular form, of the regency, nor has he yet renounced it or resigned it.

It may be alleged that the Queen of Spain is declared of age, and that consequently the office of Regent expires of itself; but by what authority has this declaration been made? By that of a victorious party with arms still in their hands, and without either the consent of the Cortes or even a consultation with them; and, as Spain is yet nominally a constitutional monarchy, it will not do for foreign powers to recognise or to decree the constituted authorities every hour at the pleasure of the faction who may, for the moment, hold the reins of power. It is therefore quite consistent with the dignity of the English monarchy and government to receive this illustrious man in the high character which he holds and has generally so well sustained.

It is well said that "Nemo humani omnibus horis sapit," Espartero has been thought wanting in determination at the very moment that firmness was most necessary, and that this overthrew the balance of his power. It may be so, and to the general eye he may be blamable herein; we suspect, however, that Espartero knew better than we can guess, how little dependence he could place on those who nominally obeyed him, that he had the inward bitter convictions that his countrymen were hardly worth preserving. Such knowledge and such convictions, although they might paralyse his efforts would not lead him to desert his cause, and it was only when it had become for the present hopeless, that he retired from the contest, trusting that the day might yet arrive when he might again be instrumental in restoring his almost lost country. Barbarism, cruelty, blood, and treachery, are doing their work in that ill-fated but beautiful Spain, and it seems to us evident that THE REGENT will shortly have to take the field, and like another Camillus, arrive just in time to save his country from falling into the hands of foreigners.

There is a question existing, upon which the actual possessors of real property never trouble themselves, but which does sometimes occur to the minds of those who have it not, namely, by what right do a comparatively few among mankind hold to themselves the exclusive possession of land intended for the use of man generally, and by what right do they compel the numbers who occupy, till, and make it productive, pay for the labour they bestow thereon. This condition of things has existed so long, under divers modifications that, at first propounding the question, it may be thought to be somewhat ridiculous. But on farther consideration it will be found that the earth and its fruits were given to man generally, and not to a chosen few. It is the progress of society which has instituted the right of private property, for wise ends, doubtless, and in conformity with the foreseen dispensations of a wise and good Providence; and our observation is not intended either to reflect upon or to encourage any one to trench upon, the right as it exists. Without such a right there could be neither national nor individual wealth, there would be no stimulants to industry, and mankind would present a continual series of rapine, bloodshed, hunger, and misery. But though the general comfort, happiness, and welfare of society so essentially consist with the right of property, we hold it imperative in those who possess it to refer that right back to its origin and to recollect also what was the primitive nature of the boon. The holders of property must be protected, firmly and inviolably protected, in the right which the constitution of society has given them, but they should never forget that every industrious man has a right to a maintenance out of the goods which God has given to all, if he fairly contribute his industry towards its production, either directly or indirectly from the earth, the general gift to man. Hence then, although human laws give the landowners the absolute and unrestrained authority over their estates, they have not a moral right to squeeze and screw, and strain the energies and labours of those who occupy the soil, allowing them but a bare and miserable maintenance therefrom, whilst the lord of that soil is revelling in luxury.

We are led to these reflections though the perusal of a paragraph intended to have formed part of a proposal at a meeting which should have taken place in the north of Ireland but which did not take place. It is a high-minded, philanthropic, and just passage, and is proposed by Orangemen, who though, as a body, we do not greatly admire, we think deserve unqualified praise in this instance. It is of a very different nature from "fixity of tenure," that device by which, in time, the proprietor of land would have been robbed altogether of his property, but, on the contrary, it places the relation of landlord and tenant on just and equitable grounds, and, by preserving those relations, together with the rights of the occupier, offers the very highest stimulus to industry, order, and the national wealth. The following is the paragraph alluded to:

"In order to counteract these evil designs, and to secure the cordial co-operation of all who are as yet adverse to the question of repeal, we would earnestly submit to your consideration the distressed circumstances of the people of Ireland, which we conceive might be materially relieved by a revision of the law between landlord and tenant, so that the rent of land might be regulated upon fixed principles, founded on the price of agricultural produce, by averages taken at certain periods, forming a standard of valuation, similar to that referred to as the ordnance survey, and no longer subject to the will of the landlord or his agent, with whom the interest of his employer is a principal object; and that the tenant, on leaving his farm, shall be entitled to compensation for all necessary improvements, and have all cesses and taxes, levied from the land, equita-

bly apportioned between him and his landlord, without the power of having them added to the rent, as is at present too frequently the case."

This proposal is valuable, not merely in Ireland but every where; it would be the landlord's best security, the tenant's greatest encouragement; it would sink the corn law, into a mere idle sound, and would greatly insure to the proprietors of estates their revenue; it would consolidate the rights of each class, and greatly diminish litigations and heart-burnings. With regard to the Irish, in particular; we trust that those who have mooted so benevolent a proposal will not forget it in the time of general tranquillity which we believe fast approaching;—but we would not have it offered to people only just *not in arms* against their government lest it be misunderstood as an attempt to buy peace where it cannot be enforced.

### Cricketers' Chronicle.

#### SECOND GRAND MATCH AT CRICKET

BETWEEN THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK, AND THE UNION CRICKET CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Return Match between these two Clubs came off this week on the cricket ground of the latter named Club, at Camden, New Jersey; it was commenced on Monday morning the 9th inst., it was concluded at nearly half past three on Friday afternoon; it presents a feature altogether without a parallel on this continent, and it has but few parallels even in the land of cricket, England. It was a drawn game. The Saturday and Sunday previous were days of severe tempest; the rain fell in torrents and almost without cessation, and it became very doubtful on Sunday afternoon whether the match could be commenced next day. The evening turned out very fine, however, and the rain actually improved the condition of the ground so that on the beautiful Monday morning the play was called at 10h. 38m. A. M. There was some change among the New York party of the first match, all arising from unfortunate casualties; thus Bailey played in the place of Dodworth, Bristow in that of Warren, and Fielder instead of S. Nichols. The Philadelphians were put in first, Robt. Ticknor and Richardson commencing. The former did not make a run, but was soon bowled out by Wright; score 3 all wide balls from Groom, he was succeeded by Turner, a beautiful batter and a very careful player, who made 38 runs off his own bat, bringing it out at the end of the inning; he remained in 2h. 16 min., in the course of which he received 69 balls from Wright, 37 from Groom, and 12 from Bailey. Richardson took 6 balls from each end, and was finally demolished by one of Groom's specimens of sound bowling, after making 3 eight runs, 2 wickets. Jno. Ticknor, the slashing hitter, then went in, he took 21 balls and made 3 runs, one hit of which was a 4. Wright finally put him down. 17 runs, 3 wickets. Next came Bradshaw, a fine and careful player. He took 40 balls, made 11 runs, one of which was a 3, and was bowled out by Bailey. 42 runs, 4 wickets. After him came Facon, a very pretty batter, he made 5 runs from 3 balls, but was unfortunately put out by the ball turning on the wicket after touching his bat. 49 runs, 5 wickets. Then came Waller; he was evidently not well in health, he took one ball from each end, the latter of which, by Bailey, took his stumps. He made one off his bat, 50 runs, 6 wickets. Joseph Nichols was the next, who received 5 balls from Bailey, who took his wicket after making 2 run. 52 runs 7 wickets. Prior Ticknor then took the bat; he received 19 balls, made 4 runs, and was bowled out by Groom. 63 runs, 8 wickets. Blackburn followed, he made 1, from 7 balls, and had his bails knocked down by Wright. 66 runs, 9 wickets. Finally Sutcliff went in, and maintained his bat whilst 18 were run, 4 of which he made himself; but Russell taking the ball in hand, sent him one directly at his stumps, which were levelled by the stroke, thus putting out Sutcliff and finishing the inning, which was 84 runs, 10 wickets down. Very great praise is due to the Union Club players for their cool, careful, and player-like style of going through this inning, and the praise is the greater when we observe that we never saw the St. George's men field in anything like so good a style as upon this occasion, nor did we previously believe that they could field so well. Every member of the Philadelphia party was bowled out at this first innings, except Facon and Turner, the bowlers being Groom, Wright, Bailey, and Russell; and as for Bage, whose post was at the long stop, he obtained the highest applause from every person on the field. He did not suffer one solitary Bye ball to be run, in the whole inning. 253 balls were thrown, exclusive of the wide balls.

The St. George's party now went in, Bailey and Syme first taking the bats. Both of these began with too great eagerness to run all that was possible, the consequence was that Bailey was run out almost immediately, after making only 1. Four runs, 1 wicket down. It had the good effect of making Syme more cautious, for he kept his bat until he made 30 runs off it. Wright succeeded Bailey, he took 34 balls, made 8 runs, and put himself out by striking his own wicket. 17 runs, 2 wickets down. Russell came next; he received 21 balls, made 5 runs, and was demolished by Bradshaw, who just tipped off his Bails without touching his stumps. 41 runs, 3 wickets. Syme's turn to knock under next arrived; he was prettily caught out by Facon. Of the 31 runs which he made one was a 6, the struck ball being hidden in some high grass at the extremity of the field. 55 runs, 4 wickets. Syme was in 1h. 18m. Bristow succeeded Russell, and Groom followed Syme. The latter made but 2 runs and was bowled out by Ticknor. 59 runs, 5 wickets. Tinson went in after Groom. In the meantime Bristow, who is a slashing hitter, made 8 runs, the first of which was a 3; and he was finally caught at the short stop by Jno. Ticknor. 59 runs, 6 wickets. Bage then took the bat, and was very much hurt by one of those lightning-swift balls from Jno. Ticknor; he made 3, however, but Ticknor demolished his wicket. 66 runs, 7 wickets. Skippon succeeded him. Tinson made 8 runs, of which one hit was a splendid 3; but his career was cut short by being caught by Bradshaw at the short slip. 72 runs, 8 wickets. Fielder succeeded him. Shippon meanwhile



made but 1 run, and was put out, Leg before wicket. 72 runs, 9 wickets. Vinten was the last, and he was bowled out at the third ball by Bradshaw, without scoring. 72 runs, 9 wickets. Fielder had made 2, and he brought his bat out. In the fielding, during this Inning, it was delightful to see the ease and precision of the players. They caught well, they ran well, they threw the ball in well, and they seemed determined not to throw away a chance. They allowed 2 byes, however, to be made. There were 180 balls given in this inning, and at the end of it the Philadelphia score was 84, and New York 74.

The Union Club commenced their second Innings at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 on Monday evening; Richardson and Robt. Ticknor taking the bats. Richardson was soon run out without any scoring from his own bat. 2 runs, 1 wicket down. Turner then went in; he made 5 runs and was caught by Wright. 11 runs, 2 wickets. He was succeeded by Jno. Ticknor, who made a capital hit of 3, but was bowled out by Wright. 17 runs, 3 wickets. Bradshaw came next, and he and Robt. Ticknor maintained their bats, their scores being, at sun down, R. Ticknor 16, and Bradshaw 14. Bage being so much injured, as above-stated, could not resume his position of long stop; Vinten was therefore placed there, though unpractised in the duty, and unfortunately 8 byes were made before sun-down. At this period Philadelphia had made 49 runs, three wickets down, and they had an overplus of 10 on the first innings, it was therefore considered greatly in their favour, and considerable odds were offered on the result.

On Tuesday morning, at 11 o'clock, play was continued. Robt. Ticknor and Bradshaw resuming their bats. The former was presently run out after making a capital 3, which the party were endeavouring to make a 4. 52 runs, 4 wickets down. Facon succeeded him; he was run out at the first ball given to him. 53 runs, 5 wickets. Then Waller took the bat; he was bowled out almost immediately by Groom. 53 runs, 6 wickets. Nichols now went in, and was bowled out by Wright without making any thing. 54 runs, 7 wickets. Prior Ticknor succeeded him. In the meantime Bradshaw had only added one to his score of the previous evening, and at length Groom found his wicket. 56 runs, 8 wickets. Blackburne then took the bat, he made 2 runs, and blocked several balls very prettily, but Russell caught him out, at middle wicket off. 65 runs, 9 wickets. Sutcliff went in last, he made 6 runs and brought his bat out; in the meanwhile Prior Ticknor, who had received no fewer than 21 balls, made but 2 runs out of them. He had three very narrow escapes in catches all of which were missed by Groom who let them slip each time after they were in his hands. 67 runs, 10 wickets down. It was altogether matter of surprise to see the wickets fall so rapidly on Tuesday morning among the Philadelphians. In 83 balls they only made 18 runs and lost 7 wickets. The total number of balls in this inning was 190.

New York commenced second innings at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12. Wright and Tinson first assuming the bats. Right carefully they played, as well they might, for Bradshaw and Ticknor were bowling at them in splendid and masterly style—as indeed they did throughout. Tinson fell first, being neatly caught out by Sutcliff at the middle wicket off, after making 13 runs, two of which were beautiful threes. 19 runs, 1 wicket down. Syme succeeded him, but, less fortunate than on the preceding day. John Ticknor upset his house when he had made but 3 runs. 35 runs, 2 wickets. Next came Bailey, who made but 3, being caught at the short slip by Jno. Ticknor. 38 runs, 3 wickets. Russell new came forward, he made but 1, being clean bowled at his off stump by Jno. Ticknor. 42 runs, 4 wickets. Bristow was next, but the stern and relentless Philadelphian bowlers, kept mowing away; he made but 3, and was bowled out by Bradshaw. 45 runs, 5 wickets. Then came Groom, who settled himself for the recovery of the now sinking game. He made 14 runs and brought his bat out. Meanwhile, Wright, who went in first, had made his own score up to 27, when P. W. Ticknor drove the ball right at his wicket. 55 runs, 6 wickets. Bage then took the bat, though much lamed in the hand. He made 4 runs, and his fate was a hard one; he was nearly sentenced out, when he was not out, and finally he almost sentenced himself out, when he was not out. In both cases the running was too dangerous. 62 runs, 7 wickets. Skippon was the next; he was put out at the first ball given to him, Leg before wicket, as in his first innings. 62 runs, 8 wickets. Next came Fielder, he made two runs and was bowled by Bradshaw. 74 runs, 9 wickets. Finally Vinten made 1, and was bowled out by Jno. Ticknor. 77 runs, 10 wickets down. In all 245 Balls.

Thus was this game "a Tie," after it had fluctuated exceedingly. The excitement of the spectators was intense. But the whole play of both sides was admirable, and was so pronounced by several experienced Cricketers, on the ground.

The following is the score of the game.

UNION CRICKET CLUB.			
FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
R. Ticknor, b. by Wright	0	run out	19
Richardson, b. by Groom	3	run out	0
Turner, not out	38	caught by Wright	5
John Ticknor, b. by Wright	8	b. by Wright	3
Bradshaw, b. by Bailey	11	b. by Groom	15
Facon, ball turned on wicket	5	run out	0
Miller, b. by Bailey	1	b. by Groom	0
J. Nichols, b. by Bailey	2	b. by Wright	0
Prior Ticknor, b. by Groom	4	caught by Russell	2
O. P. Blackburne, b. by Wright	1	caught by Russell	2
Sutcliff, b. by Russell	4	not out	6
Wide	7	Byes	9
		Wide	6
First innings	84		
Second innings	67	Second innings	67
Total	151		

## ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Bailey, run out	1	caught by John Ticknor	3
Syme, caught by Facon	31	b. by John Ticknor	3
Wright, struck his wicket	8	b. by John Ticknor	27
Russell, b. by Bradshaw	5	b. by John Ticknor	1
Bristow, caught by John Ticknor	8	b. by Bradshaw	3
Groom, b. by John Ticknor	2	not out	14
Tinson, caught by Bradshaw	8	caught by Sutcliff	13
Bage, b. by John Ticknor	3	run out	4
Skippon, leg before wicket	1	leg before wicket	0
Fielder, not out	2	b. by Bradshaw	2
Vinton, b. by Bradshaw	0	b. by John Ticknor	1
Wide	3	Wide	3
Byes	2	Byes	3
First innings	74	Second innings	77
Second innings	77		
Total	151		

We must not omit to state that the Union Cricket Club had provided an ample and elegant cold collation each day, in a building adjoining the ground, to which there was full justice done by all concerned in the discussion.

There were at times on the ground thousands of spectators, whose excitement, particularly towards the close of the play, became increased to an indescribable pitch. There were likewise hundreds of lady visitors, by special invitation, for whom ample accommodation and elegant refreshments were provided, in tents placed at situations well adapted to give a full view of the game.

\*. On the evening of Monday a splendid feast was set forth by the gentlemen of the Union Club, to which their friendly opponents were invited. It was given at Messrs. Sanderson's, at the Franklin House, Chesnut-street, and in every way it was highly honorable to the hospitality of the donors, and to the excellent caterers of the suppliers. The number of persons who sat down to table was precisely fifty. Robt. Waller, Esq., the Vice President of the Union Club, presided, in the absence of Francis Blackburne, Esq., the President, and Dr. Mitchell filled the chair of V. P. It somehow happened, however—perhaps because it was the eve of the Philadelphia election—there was not present one member of the Philadelphia press, and we were altogether alone in that department; hence in a convivial meeting, where we were honoured as a guest, our report cannot be so full as if deficiencies could have been made up by comparison of notes.

The usual toasts were given after dinner, such as "The Game of Cricket," "The Land we live in," "The President of the United States," after which

Dr. Mitchell, V. P., rose, and claimed the privilege, as an American, to give as a toast the ruler of the great country where he had received so large a portion of his early education, and he should give it with the greater pleasure as she was universally allowed to be a good and amiable lady, both as a public and private character. "The Queen of England." (Cheers and honours.)

Song—the National Anthem; by Mr. J. T. Norton.

"St. George's Cricket Club of New York" was given by the President of the U. C. C., who introduced it with the compliment, that the toast alluded to a society which might justly be called "The Father of Cricket in America," and he proceeded to hope that the present meeting and match might be but the precursor to many in future.

R. N. Tinson, Esq., President of the St. George's Cricket Club, responded to the toast, in a neat speech of thanks; he remarked briefly on the excellent feeling which had prevailed through the day, and emphatically praised the fine play of so young a club as that to which his party were opposed.

Dr. Mitchell rose, and complimented both clubs, acknowledged the justice of Mr. Tinson's remarks, made several judicious observations on both the physical and moral effects of the manly game, alluded to its effects even in business, and in the doing away of illiberal prejudices, producing good feeling and good health, alluded to steam, and the probability that shortly cricketers would pass the ocean to play friendly matches, and concluded by alluding to Cricketers as possessing hard hands and soft hearts. He then gave "The Meteor Flag of England and the Star-spangled Banner of America; may they never more be torn in family quarrels."

Mr. Waller, Pres't., gave the "Healths of the Umpires of the Day."

Mr. Wild returned thanks, and with great *naïveté* observed that although the umpires felt honoured by this expression of satisfaction, he ventured to add that they deserved them.

Dr. Mitchell rose, and enlarged in fine style upon the importance of a mighty engine known only to modern times, and felt only in free countries:—"The Press."

Mr. Paterson of New York replied to the toast, and at the conclusion of his speech gave "The bat, and the Wicket, and the good game of Cricket, till we come to that bucket when all must kick it."

B. Downing, Esq., of New York rose, and said that England was certainly the mother of field sports, but the play of this day had called to his recollection an old gentleman who had long been renowned for his arguments in Algebra, which he had taught his sons so very sedulously, that at length they were able to beat him at his own weapons. This was the preface to a toast which he wished to give, with all the honors due to a highly respected absent gentleman, "Francis Blackburne, Esq., Pres't. of U. C. Club, Philadelphia."

Mr. Lepine, Treasurer of the U. C. C., gave "Cricket, in sickness a cure, in health an amusement."

Mr. Paterson proposed the "Health of Mr. Waller, president of this hospitable board" (cheers and honours).



Mr. Waller replied, and gave "Little Queen V., may the next trip she makes be to this country."

Mr. Reynolds rose and jocularly alluded to the advantage that might ensue by sending "Cricket Embassies," and by fighting out disputes on a cricket ground; he gave "Cricket v. Warfare; may the cricket ball supercede the cannon ball all over the world."

But we are getting among the "small hours," and shall conclude by saying that this was a most delightful and exhilarating evening, not easily to be forgotten by those who participated in its pleasures.

**FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.**—This admirable public exhibition, which is so powerful a stimulus to art, science, and enterprise, was opened on Tuesday last, at Niblo's Garden, a place exceedingly well calculated for such purpose as affording so many advantages, in the way of display, to those who compete for public approbation. The number of exhibitors is perhaps greater this year than at any former period; encouraged, perhaps, by the pleasing prospect of returning prosperity, and guided by the continual march of science and experiment. As we do not wish to pass this important Exhibition trivially by, we shall devote a larger space in our columns next week, to the consideration of this matter.

### The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—On Monday evening, Shakspeare's play of "Macbeth" was again repeated, the desire being so strong to see Mr. Macready in the principal character. On Wednesday "Virginius" was performed, and if ever an author was indebted to an actor for saving him from—condemnation, Mr. Sheridan Knowles is under that obligation to Mr. Macready, in the case of Virginius. Never was there a play, upon so lofty a theme, which more abounded in platitudes, or was more guilty of "short-comings" in conception of character than this of "Virginius;" yet has the actor been able to snatch it from the fire—to imbue the principal character with a dignity which the author never contemplated, and to give the production a popularity that may last whilst its saviour supports it, but which must be lost in oblivion, when the artist shall be no more. It was with difficulty that we struggled through the mass of chaff, in order to possess ourselves of the few grains of beauty which are inherent in this silly concoction. There were a few such grains, however, but we consider these to be contributed; for instance, in the betrothal, Macready was most touchingly grand, and at the end of it, when he reflects that he has now consigned his dear and only child to another, he quietly affected the sensibilities of every person in the house. The arrival of Virginius from the camp, his support of his daughter to the forum, the tragic scene and act, and all the madness of the last act, were all masterly efforts of this grand actor; but above all,—and a fitting climax to the play it was—was the gradual recovery of the senses upon contemplating his daughter's urn, the collapse of all energy, and the murmuring, incomplete explanation, as he falls into the arms of Icilius;—this, this was indeed the very perfection of acting, and sets words at defiance. We were exceedingly pleased with Mrs. H. Hunt's personation of the simple, sweet, delicate, and modest Virginia, during the first three acts; in the fourth, she shewed some symptoms of relapse into the melodramatic hollow tone of utterance, but, recovering her judgment, she played the remainder in beautiful style. We were the more pleased at this, because we have had unfortunate occasion to allude to this lady's acting in terms which caused us much regret; but still, it was in a cordial spirit, and in accordance with our notions of independent criticism. Mrs. H. Hunt possesses many fine qualities, and she has but to study them with discretion. There is nothing remarkable in the other characters of the play; but before we quit the subject we would again remind a favourite of ours, (Mr. Wheatley), that Virginius, and Emmar, and Mariar, are sounds exceedingly offensive to a cultivated ear, and that he must positively task himself to get rid of that particularly odious vulgarism.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—We were mistaken, as we too frequently are when trusting to mere report, in presuming that the Italian troupe closed last week; they have performed this week also, but various circumstances have prevented our witnessing their efforts. They have now, however, completed their engagement. Although we have never thought very highly of the professional merits of this company, excepting of the principal tenor, Autognini, and of the barytone, Valtellina, yet their performances have well served to keep up the musical feeling here, which we should be sorry to see on the decline in any degree; and, to say the least concerning these Italian operas, they have been done very respectably. The *Ravels* now have it all to themselves during the short remainder of the season.

### Musical and Musical Intelligence.

The arrival of Madame Cinti Damoreau is the greatest musical event in this country, since the departure of Madame Malibran. Every body ought to know that Madame Damoreau has successively been the *prima donna* at the Italian Opera, Royal Academy of Music, and Opera Comique. Of her being the first cantatrice of Europe there is not doubt. And Malibran, Henriette Sontag, Dorus Gras, and Giulia Grisi cannot rival with the divine Cinti in the art of singing. We intend to speak at a length on the merits and artistical career of Madame Damoreau in our next. At present we shall only add that, recovered from the fatigues of her voyage, the admirable and perfect cantatrice will give a concert in the early part of next week. It will be unjust to pass under silence the title of Mr. Artôt to general favor; this young artist, who will be heard with Madame Damoreau is one of the best pupils of Baillot,—we could say one of the best violins in Europe. But we do not like to predicate so many com-

pliments; or our readers would think there is *puffing* in our address, and Madame Damoreau as well as Mr. Artôt do not even want the slightest recommendation: their names are European, and their talents of an order above all the *articles de commande* of poor or ordinary artists.

The Opera House of Berlin which had been destroyed by fire in the night of the 19th August last, is already in full reconstruction. The ancient exterior architecture will be the same; but all the interior ornaments will be in a new style, and according to the plans of Mr. Langhaus.

Thalberg has been nominated Professor of Piano at the Conservatory of Music of Brussels.

**MADAME CASTELLAN'S THIRD CONCERT.**—This third concert of the series was given at Washington Hall on Tuesday evening last. It went off with great brilliancy and unqualified satisfaction, in the presence of a large and highly respectable audience. In fact the silly nonsense is now subsiding, wherein invidious comparisons have been made between this fine songstress, and her who was so peculiarly the delight of American musical ears. Madame Castellan sang one or two *English* songs, in excellent taste, and very fair pronunciation. Her fame here is now effectually established and we do not doubt that all her concerts will be entirely successful.

### Literary Notices.

**JANTHE AND OTHER POEMS.** By Carlos T. Stuart.—The positive merits of this book of poems would not entitle it to favorable notice, for it abounds in every page, with grammatical errors, and the thoughts soar aloft so high that they become lost in the clouds. On the other hand it would be unfair unjustly to condemn it, for the author really possesses a large share of the true poetic *ris*. But as he is evidently bent upon wooing the muse, and she, as evidently, looks upon him kindly, we would advise him to exhibit his flights to a judicious friend, before he commits himself to the public gaze;—at least he should do so until he may acquire correctness of style, particularly of parody, and until he shall be able to restrain his Pegasus within bounds.—We would advise him to persevere; and whilst we say that this book *won't do*, we are well assured that he *can* make all the requisite improvement.

### "A SHARK!"

I had heard and read so many marvellous stories about the rapacity of the shark, that I felt somewhat desirous of an opportunity of judging of the truth of the yarns with which the sailors entertained us—gaping landmen. My curiosity was not long ungratified. We were within view of the coast of Madagascar, when it became necessary to take in water to fill up the empty casks. While a Portuguese seaman was employed in this duty he unfortunately overbalanced himself, and fell overboard. The sea being tolerably calm, and the man an excellent swimmer, no danger was apprehended on his account. The first mate and four of the crew prepared to descend to his assistance in the captain's gig which hung astern, but owing to the hurry of the moment the boat was carelessly lowered by the run, and the whole party immersed. No time was of course lost in getting out another boat, but before it could be lowered the man in the fore top shouted out—"A shark, a shark! make haste, men, for your lives." A general rush was instantly made to the sides and bow of the vessel, which by this time had been put about, and the spars and rigging became also crowded with anxious spectators. A scene of fearful interest presented itself to our view, and almost every man's cheek became blanched with horror. Within about twenty feet of the first mate, who was swimming towards the vessel, utterly unconscious of the proximity of his dangerous neighbour, was an enormous shark, whose extended jaws were already prepared to engulf his unsuspecting victim. On seeing us point at some object behind him (for he could not at the distance) the latter looked round, and became paralyzed with terror. The monster was on the point of seizing him, when the second boat arrived opportunely to his assistance and picked him up. Cheated of his prey, the shark made for another of the struggling men, and succeeded in laying hold of a poor fellow named Andrews, who could not swim, and who was supporting himself on a hen coop, that had just been thrown overboard to him. An imploring look, and an agonized scream, that went to the heart of every one present, told us all was over with the unfortunate man, and next minute the calm and mirror-like surface of the waters was crimsoned with his blood. The remainder of the party reached the boat in safety; but the fate of their companion, and the narrowness of their own escape, had such an effect upon them that two of the number were confined to their hammocks for nearly ten days after. When the mate, who happened to be one of them, rose from his bed, his hair had turned as white as snow!

Life in the Ranks.

### THE QUEEN IN FRANCE.

"One half of the world," it is said, "don't know how the other half lives," and the impression in France appears to be, that our beloved Queen lives chiefly on Cheshire cheese and London porter. The only luxuries that the papers mention as having been sent for by Louis Philippe for the entertainment of his fellow-sovereign are "filthy beer" and "strong family Cheshire." The papers say, that a French agent has been in London for the purpose of getting these articles, and we happen to know that the individual alluded to experienced considerable difficulty, owing to his ignorance of the English language. His first inquiry was for *robuste de Londres*, (London stout,) but gaining no attention, he asked for some *parfait de pain blanc* (Whitbread's entire.) Finding his way at length to a public-house, and his instructions having referred particularly to double X, he called lustily at the bar for some *deux fois dix*; and the publican, not understanding him, pointed to a cask labelled Old Tom, which induced the agent to exclaim with considerable energy, "*Non, non, non—pas de venerable Thomas.*" The search for the Cheshire cheese was also a source of considerable embarrassment, and the inquiry for *fromage fort a la bonne famille* (good strong family cheese) was very unsuccessful in the New-cut, into which the agent had wandered in his search for the coarse but wholesome condiment. Being a stranger in London, the emissary, mustering up all the English he could, addressed a stranger thus, "Vil you av de bonté to tel de vay—I shall find Cheshire?" The answer to which was given rather by way of comment to a by-stander in the following terms: "I say, Bill, here's a rum cove! he wants to find the way into Cheshire!" After these and other difficulties had been surmounted, the cheese and porter were shipped on board the Dart steamer, which was very properly commanded by Capt. Cheeseman.

Punch.



## Varieties.

**SAVING GRACE.**—L'Estrange, in his MS. "Merry Passages and Jests," says, that Lady Hobart—every one being set at table, and nobody blessing it, but gazing, one upon another, in expectation who should be chaplain—said, "Well I think I must say, as one did in like case, 'God be thanked, nobody will say grace.'—Sheridan's words will be remembered, when unexpectedly called upon to say grace at a public dinner.—"What! no clergyman present? Thank God for all things."

During a trial, on Wednesday Week, in the Crown Court, Liverpool, Sergeant Murphy had occasion to cross-examine a female witness as to the existence of the marriage-contract, which the learned counsel appeared to consider of rather a questionable character, when the following colloquy took place:—Mr. Wilkins: "I apprehend we are not here to try the question of the connubial bliss of Mr. and Mrs. T." Sergeant Murphy: "Not at all—not in the least; but I am unacquainted with connubial bliss, unfortunately, and I want to know what sort of thing it is."

**MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.**—The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat*, by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question:—"But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face 'You lie!'" I'd tell him to *pruv* it. 'Pruv, sir, pruv it,' I'd say. If he couldn't he'd be the liar, and there I should have him; but if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must e'en pocket the affront, and there, I expect, the matter would end."

A little girl lately brought a volume to a Glasgow librarian, with the following message:—"John sent me wi' this book, and he wants the next one." "And who is John?" questioned the man of books; to which the little girl very readily answered, "He's gettin' better."

**JEKYLL'S JOKES.**—A little fellow, who had scarcely any business, was one day endeavouring to get the judge to attend to a motion he wanted to make—but it was of no use; he never could catch the judge's eye. Jekyll, looking at the bench, said, in an inimitable tone, "*De minimis non curat lex.*" A Welsh judge, famous both for his neglect of personal cleanliness and his insatiable desire for place, was once addressed by Mr. Jekyll: "My dear sir, as you have asked the minister for every thing else, why have you not asked him for a piece of soap and a nail brush?" An attorney, named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll; "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettyfogging scoundrel. Have you done so sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettyfogger, or a scoundrel, but I said that you were *little else*."

**TASSO'S CURE FOR SPEAKING ILL.**—The character of Tasso has obtained the highest praise. It is said of him, that there never was a scholar more humble, a wit more devout, or a man more amiable in society. Some person reported to him, that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world. "Let him persevere," said Tasso: "his rancour gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world, than all the world should speak ill of me to him!"

**THE IRISH COMEDIAN.**—Macklin was exceedingly quick at the reply, especially in a dispute. One day, Dr. Johnson was contending some dramatical question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek though, doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue, should understand all languages."—"Oh, very well, returned Macklin; 'how will you answer this argument?' and immediately treated him to a long quotation of Irish."

My Lord Denbigh being about to marry a fortune, my Lord Gower asked him how long the honey-moon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honey-moon; it is harvest-moon with me."

**"TRULY YOURS."**—To illustrate the assertion, of on what slight or erroneous grounds scandalous reports may be based, I know an Italian gentleman who, having received a note of invitation from an English lady of irreproachable morals, concluded in the usual way, "Truly yours," took it to a friend, to whom he expressed his regret and embarrassment at having unwillingly and unintentionally achieved the conquest of Lady's heart. "Impossible," said the friend "why, Lady — is one of the most reserved and correct women in England."—"Here is, however, the proof of my assertion," replied the Italian, drawing forth a merely civil invitation to dinner, and exhibiting it with an air of triumph, "what say you now? you cannot surely doubt her hand!"

**CONJUNCTIONS.**—A conjunction means, literally, a union or meeting together. An ill-assorted marriage is a comical conjunction. But our conjunctions are used to connect words and sentences, and have nothing to do with the joining of hands. The Siamese twins formed a singular conjunction. A tin pot fastened to a dog's tail is a disagreeable conjunction to the animal. A happy pair may be regarded as an uncommon conjunction. Conjunctions connect similar moods and tenses of verbs, and cases of nouns and pronouns: as, "A coat of arms suspended on a wall is like an executed traitor; it is *hanged drawn and quartered.*" "If you continue thus to *drink* brandy and water and to *smoke* cigars, you will be like Boreas, the north wind, who *takes* 'cold without' wherever he goes, and always *blows* a cloud when it comes in his way." "Do you think there is anything between *him and her*?" "Yes; *he and she* are engaged ones."

**CARTOON CRITICISM.**—"Well, Molly, have you seen 'em?" said a working man to a woman of his own class, who was coming out from Westminster-hall, after inspecting the cartoons, "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and a shabbier set of things I never see'd in my life—not a bit of gold or border about them."

\* Messrs. W. Hand and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

\* Mr. Jno. W. Balfour is our agent for the city of Toronto.

**VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE.** Price \$22, smaller size \$15.—This instrument comprises two Globes in union as in Nature, an Armillary Sphere, a Planetarium, and a universal Sun Dial; it will resolve all the principles and facts in Astronomy, in a simple easy manner. It is a model of Nature, with whose movements it corresponds. To be had at Vale's Nautical School, 94 Rosevelt Street, New York, where also Lessons on the Instrument may be obtained. Sept. 23-1f

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## Park Theatre.

**MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 16**—Last night but two of Mr. Macready's engagement—Much Ado about Nothing—Benedict, Mr. Macready.

**TUESDAY**—Last night but one of Mr. Macready's engagement—The Lady of Lyons—Claude Melnotte, Mr. Macready.

**WEDNESDAY**—Mr. Ryder's Benefit—Othello—Othello, Mr. Macready.

**THURSDAY**—Last night of Mr. Macready's engagement—Werner—Werner, Mr. Macready.

**FRIDAY**—Mr. Macready's Benefit and last appearance.

**SATURDAY**—London Assurance and The Double-bedded Room.

## NOW READY.

**A NEW EDITION OF THE LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.**

THE LONDON CHRISTIAN OBSERVER for September, contains among other valuable matter, a Review of the Statement by Rev. Drs. Smith and Anthon of this city, concerning the recent Ordination of Mr. Carey.

Published by Henry Mason & Co., and for sale by E. L. Garvin, & Co., the publishers, general agents, Anglo American Office, No. 6 Ann Street.

The following works are likewise now ready—

New Fac-simile Edition of BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for September, at the low price of 25 cents per number.

New Edition of the WESTMINSTER QUARTERLY REVIEW, price 50 cents per number.

\* The new Edition of the Christian Lady's Magazine will be published on Monday next.

The London Quarterly Review for September, is in Press, and will be issued in a few days Price 50 cents.

## STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Aug. 15, 1843.

**TO the Sheriff of the County and City of New York**—Sir, Notice is hereby given, that at the next general Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for first Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Morris Franklin, on the last day of December next.

Also the following County officers, to wit: thirteen Members of Assembly, a Sheriff, in the place of Monmouth B. Hart, whose term will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk, in the place of Nathaniel Jarvis, whose term of service will expire on the said day. And a Coroner, in the place of Cornelius Archer, whose term will expire on said day.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 19, 1843.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such cases made and provided.

**MONMOUTH B. HART**, Sheriff of the County and City of New York. All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 5, title 3d, part 1st, 104. Sept. 2.

**WANTED, A PARTNER**, either silent or a practical man, with one or two thousand dollars. Good security will be given for the money advanced, and also for a profit of 25 per cent. on the capital. For particulars, apply to Wm. Russell, Florist, &c., at the Garden, Henry St., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, L.I. Sept. 23-3t.

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ACQUIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

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The critics of the day concede that a person may learn to speak the French language in a very short space of time by an attentive perusal of this little work; and at the same time the learner is preparing himself for the study of the grammar, should he wish to acquire perfect composition.

It is well known that for all practical purposes, an Englishman or an American, only wishes to converse in French, and to be able to read the language. For such acquisition, the present work is eminently calculated; and we do not hesitate to say that a person going to France, who is entirely ignorant of the language may learn enough on his voyage, with the aid of this little book, to enable him to converse in French easily, on his arrival. It is therefore the most useful work on the French language ever issued from the press.

The whole SIX LESSONS are now published complete in one number of the MONTHLY LIBRARY, at the low price of 25 cents, or five copies for one dollar. The postage on the work—it being issued in the form of a two sheet periodical—cannot exceed five cents in any part of the Union; and under 100 miles it will be only three cents. Letters should be addressed to

WILSON & CO., Publishers.

162 Nassau-st., New York.

## PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WRECKS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.

**REFERENCES.**—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Arelbald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven. Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-1f.

## WEBSTER AND NORTON,

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New Orleans.

L. J. Webster,

A. L. Norton.

Reference—G. Merie, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y.

Aug. 26-1f.

**A CARD.**—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum;" Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot;" "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, No. 6 Ann Street. Aug. 19-1f.

**BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GENERAL EDUCATION.** No. 422 Houston Street, (within a few doors of Broadway).—The undersigned will re-open his School, after the Summer vacation, on Monday, September 4th. Applications for admission into either department can be made personally or by letter during the present month at his residence.

**TERMS.**—For Boarders, \$400 per annum; (for boys under ten years of age, or for brothers, a reduction is made); this charge includes every expense except music. Terms for day scholars \$30 a quarter. R. TOWNSEND HUDDART. Aug. 19-1f.

**MADAME BINSSE'S DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL.** No. 40 Beach Street, opposite St. John's Park.—Mrs. Binsse respectfully informs the Parents and Guardians of her Pupils that her School will recommence as usual on the 15th of September. She avails herself of the present opportunity to correct an erroneous impression which she understands has been circulated of her intending to retire; so far from this being the case, Mrs. B. has secured the valuable assistance of several new Professors of established reputation, and she is now ready to receive applications for either day or boarding scholars. As she takes but a limited number of the latter, those Parents who wish to place their children under her charge will please signify their intention as soon as possible.

Mrs. B. has also much pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that the Lectures of Mons. Gustave Chouquet on general literature and French Literature in particular can be attended separately by such young ladies as do not wish to pursue the other studies. This notice is applicable also to English Elocution and Reading, and to the Course of Lectures on Botany. Aug. 5-6t.

## Sanderson's Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,

Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.

PHILADELPHIA.

(July 15-3m)